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BRITISH CLASSICKS

ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

BY

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'Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of genius, be 'it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance: becauſe 'he ſpeaks from his own impreſſions: whereas common men 'publiſh common things, which they have perhaps gleaned from 'frivolous writers,'

ESSAY XXVI. N° LXIV.

ESSAYS

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

ESSAY I.

ON PUBLICATIONS.

'TIS not unamuſing to conſider the ſeveral apologies that people make when they commence authors. It is taken for granted that, on every publication, there is at leaſt a ſeeming violation of modeſty; a preſumption on the writer's ſide, that he is able to inſtruct or to entertain the world; which implies a ſuppoſition that he can communicate what they cannot draw from their own reflections.

To remove any prejudice this might occaſion, has been the general intent of prefaces. Some we find extremely ſolicitous to claim acquaintance with their reader; addreſſing him by the moſt tender and endearing appellations. He is in general ſtyled the moſt loving, candid, and courteous creature, that ever breathed; with a view, doubtleſs, that he will deſerve the compliment; and that his favour may be ſecured at the expence of his better judgment. Mean and idle expectation! The accidental elopements and adventures of a compoſition; the danger of an imperfect and ſurreptitious publication; the preſſing and indiſcreet inſtances of friends; the pious and well-meant frauds of acquaintance; with the irreſiſtible commands of perſons in high life; have been excuſes often ſubſtituted in place of the real motives, vanity and hunger.

The moſt allowable reaſons for appearing thus in public are, either the advantage or amuſement of our fellow-creatures, or our own private emolument and reputation.

A man poſſeſſed of intellectual talents would be more blameable in confining them to his own private uſe, than the mean-ſpirited miſer, that did the ſame by his money. The latter is indeed obliged to bid adieu to what he communicates; the former enjoys his treaſures, even while he renders others the better for them. A compoſition that enters the world with a view of improving or amuſing it, (I mean only, amuſing it in a polite or innocent way) has a claim to our utmoſt indulgence, even though it fail of the effect intended.

When a writer's private intereſt appears the motive of his publication, the reader has a larger ſcope for accuſation, if he be a ſufferer. Whoever pays for thoughts, which this kind of writers may be ſaid to vend, has room enough to complain, if he be diſappointed of his bargain. He has no revenge, but ridicule; and, contrary to the practice in other caſes, to make the worſt of a bad bargain.

When the love of fame acts upon a man of genius, the caſe appears to ſtand thus. The generality of the world, diſtinguiſhed by the name of readers, obſerve with a reluctance not unnatural, a perſon raiſing himſelf above them. All men have ſome deſire of fame, and fame is grounded on compariſon. Every one then is ſomewhat inclined to diſpute his title to a ſuperiority; and to diſallow his pretenſions upon the diſcovery of a flaw. Indeed, a fine writer, like a luminous body, may be beneficial to the perſon he enlightens; but it is plain, he renders the capacity of the other more diſcernible. Examination, however, is a ſort of turnpike in the way to fame, where, though a writer be a while detained, and part with a trifle from his pocket, he finds in return a more commodious and eaſy road to the temple.

When, therefore, a man is conſcious of ability to ſerve his country, or believes himſelf poſſeſſed of it, (for there is no previous teſt on this occaſion, he has no room to heſitate, or need to make apology. When ſelf-intereſt inclines a man to print, he ſhould conſider that the purchaſer expects a penny-worth for his penny; and has reaſon to aſperſe his honeſty if he finds himſelf deceived. Alſo, that it is poſſible to publiſh a book of no value, which is too frequently the product of ſuch mercernary people. When fame is the principal object of our devotion, it ſhould be conſidered whether our character is like to gain in point of wit, what it will probably loſe in point of modeſty: otherwiſe, we ſhall be cenſured of vanity more than famed for genius; and depreſs our character while we ſtrive to raiſe it.

After all, there is a propenſity in ſome to communicate their thoughts without any view at all: the more ſanguine of theſe employ the preſs; the leſs lively are contented with being impertinent in converſation.

ESSAY II.

ON THE TEST OF POPULAR OPINION.

I Happened to fall into company with a Citizen a Courtier, and an Academic.

Says the Citizen—'I am told continually of taſte, refinement, and politeneſs; but methinks the vulgar and illiterate generally approve the ſame productions with the connoiſſeurs. One rarely finds a landſkip, a building, or a play, that has charms for the critic excluſive of the mechanic. But, on the other hand, one readily remarks ſtudents who labour to be dull, depraving their native reliſh by the very means they uſe to refine it. The vulgar may not indeed be capable of giving the reaſons why a compoſition pleaſes them; that mechanical diſtinction they leave to the connoiſſeur: but they are at all times, methinks, judges of the beauty of an effect, a part of knowledge in moſt reſpects allowedly more genteel than that of the operator.'

Says the Courtier—'I cannot anſwer for every individual inſtance: but I think, moderately ſpeaking, the vulgar are generally in the wrong. If they happen to be otherwiſe, it is principally owing to their implicit reliance on the ſkill of their ſuperiors: and this has ſometimes been ſtrangely effectual in making them imagine they reliſh perfection. In ſhort, if ever they judge well, it is at the time they leaſt preſume to frame opinions for themſelves.

'It is true they will pretend to taſte an object which they know their betters do. But then they conſider ſome perſon's judgment as a certain ſtandard or rule; they find the object exactly tally; and this demonſtrated appearance of beauty affords them ſome ſmall degree of ſatisfaction.

'It is the ſame with regard to the appetite, from which the metaphor of taſte is borrowed. "Such a ſoup or olio;" ſay they, "is much in vogue; and if you do not like it, you muſt learn to like it."

'But in poetry, for inſtance, it is urged that the vulgar diſcover the ſame beauties with the man of reading.

'Now half or more of the beauties of poetry depend on metaphor or alluſion, neither of which, by a mind uncultivated,

'uncultivated, can be applied to their 'proper counterparts. Their beauty, 'of conſequence, is like a picture to a 'blind man.

'How many of theſe peculiarities in 'poetry turn upon a knowledge of phi-'loſophy and hiſtory; and let me add, 'theſe latent beauties give the moſt de-'light to ſuch as can unfold them.

'I might launch out much farther 'in regard to the narrow limits of their 'apprehenſions. What I have ſaid may 'exclude their infallibity; and it is my 'opinion they are ſeldom right.'

The Academic ſpoke little, but to the purpoſe; aſſerting that all ranks and ſta-'tions have their different ſpheres of judging: that a clown of native taſte enough to reliſh Handel's Meſſiah, might unqueſtionably be ſo inſtructed as to reliſh it yet more; that an author, before he prints, ſhould not flatter himſelf with a confuſed expectation of pleaſing both the vulgar and the polite; few things, in compariſon, being capable of doing both in any great degree: that he ſhould always meaſure out his plan for the ſize of underſtanding he would fit. If he can content himſelf with the mob, he is pretty ſure of numbers for a time. If he write with more abundant elegance, it may eſcape the organs of ſuch readers; but he will have a chance for ſuch applauſe as will more ſenſibly affect him. Let a writer then in his firſt performances neglect the idea of profit, and the vulgar's applauſe entirely: let him addreſs himſelf to the judicious few, and then profit and the mob will follow. His firſt appearance on the ſtage of letters will engroſs the politer compliments; and his latter will partake of the irrational huzza.

ESSAY III.

ON ALLOWING MERIT IN OTHERS.

A Certain gentleman was expreſſing himſelf as follows—

'I confeſs, I have no great taſte for 'poetry; but, if I had, I am apt to 'believe I ſhould read no other poetry 'than that of Mr. Pope. The reſt but 'barely arrive at a mediocrity in their 'art; and, to be ſure, poetry of that 'ſtamp can afford but ſlender pleaſure.'

'I know not,' ſays another, 'what 'may be the gentleman's motive to give 'this opinion; but I am perſuaded, 'numbers pretend the ſame through 'mere jealouſy or envy.'

A reader conſiders an author as one who lays claim to a ſuperior genius. He is ever inclined to diſpute it, becauſe, if he happen to invalidate his title, he has at leaſt one ſuperior the leſs. Now though a man's abſolute merit may not depend upon the inferiority of another, yet his comparative worth varies in regard to that of other people. Self-love, therefore, is ever attentive to purſue the ſingle point of admitting no more into the claſs of ſuperiors, than it is impoſſible to exclude. Could it even limit the number to one, they would ſoon attempt to undermine him. Even Mr. Pope had been refuſed his honours, but that the very conſtraint, and even abſurdity, of people's ſhutting their eyes, grew as diſagreeable to them, as that excellence, which, when open, they could not but diſcover.

But ſelf-love obtains it's wiſhes in another reſpect alſo. It hereby not only depreſſes the characters of many that have wrote, but ſtifles the genius of ſuch as might hereafter riſe from amongſt our inferiors.

Let us not deny to Mr. Pope the praiſes which a perſon enamoured of poetry would beſtow on one that excelled in it: but let us conſider Parnaſſus rather as a republic than a monarchy; where, although ſome may be in poſſeſſion of a more cultivated ſpot, yet others may poſſeſs land as fruitful, upon equal cultivation.

On the whole, let us reflect, that the nature of the ſoil, and the extent of it's fertility, muſt remain undiſcovered, if the gentleman's deſponding principle ſhould meet with approbation.

Mr. Pope's chief excellence lies in what I would term conſolidating or condenſing ſentences, yet preſerving eaſe and

and perſpicuity. In ſmoothneſs of verſe, perhaps, he has been equalled: in regard to invention, excelled.

Add to this, if the writers of antiquity may be eſteemed our trueſt models, Mr. Pope is much more witty, and leſs ſimple, than his own Horace appears in any of his writings. More witty, and leſs ſimple, than the modern Monſieur Boileau, who claimed the merit of uniting the ſtyle of Juvenal and Perſius with that of Horace.

Satire gratifies ſelf-love. This was one ſource of his popularity; and he ſeems even ſo very conſcious of it, as to ſtigmatize many inoffenſive characters.

The circumſtance of what is called alliteration, and the nice adjuſtment of the pauſe, have conſpired to charm the preſent age, but have at the ſame time given his verſes a very cloying peculiarity.

But, perhaps, we muſt not expect to trace, the flow of Waller, the landſkip of Thomſon, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakeſpeare, the ſimplicity of Spenſer, the courtlineſs of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addiſon, the tenderneſs of Otway, and the invention, the ſpirit and ſublimity of Milton, joined in any ſingle writer. The lovers of poetry, therefore, ſhould allow ſome praiſe to thoſe who ſhine in any branch of it, and only range them into claſſes according to that ſpecies in which they ſhine.

'Quare agite, O juvenes!'

Baniſh the ſelf-debaſing principle, and ſcorn the diſingenuity of readers. Humility has depreſſed many a genius into an hermit; but never yet raiſed one into a poet of eminence.

ESSAY IV.

THE IMPROMPTU.

THE critics, however unable to fix the time which it is moſt proper to allow for the action of an epic poem, have univerſally agreed that ſome certain ſpace is not to be exceeded. Concerning this, Ariſtotle, their great Lycurgus, is entirely ſilent. Succeeding critics have done little more than cavil concerning the time really taken up by the greateſt epic writers: that, if they could not frame a law, they might at leaſt eſtabliſh a precedent of unexceptionable authority. Homer, ſay they, confined the action of his Iliad, or rather his action may be reduced, to the ſpace of two months. His Odyſſey, according to Boſſu and Dacier, is extended to eight years. Virgil's Æneid has raiſed very different opinions in his commentators. Taſſo's poem includes a ſummer.—But leaving ſuch knotty points to perſons that appear born for the diſcuſſion of them, let us endeavour to eſtabliſh laws that are more likely to be obeyed than controverted. An epic writer, though limited in regard to the time of his action, is under no ſort of reſtraint with regard to the time he takes to finiſh his poem. Far different is the caſe with a writer of Impromptu's. He indeed is allowed all the liberties that he can poſſibly take in his compoſition, but is rigidly circumſcribed with regard to the ſpace in which it is compleated. And no wonder; for whatever degree of poignancy may be required in this compoſition, it's peculiar merit muſt ever be relative to the expedition with which it is produced.

It appears indeed, to me, to have the nature of that kind of ſallad, which certain eminent adepts in chemiſtry have contrived to raiſe while a joint of mutton is roaſting. We do not allow ourſelves to blame it's unuſual flatneſs and inſipidity, but extol the little flavour it has, conſidering the time of it's vegetation.

An extemporaneous poet, therefore, is to be judged as we judge a race-horſe; not by the gracefulneſs of his motion, but the time he takes to finiſh his courſe. The beſt critic upon earth may err in determining his preciſe degree of merit, if he have neither a ſtop-watch in his hand, nor a clock within his hearing.

To be a little more ſerious. An extemporaneous piece ought to be examined by a compound ratio, or a medium compounded of it's real worth, and the ſhortneſs of the time that is employed in its production. By this rule, even Virgil's poem may be in ſome ſort deemed extemporaneous; as the time he took

took to perfect ſo extraordinary a compoſition, conſidered with it's real worth, appears ſhorter than the time employed to write the diſtichs of Coſconius.

On the other hand, I cannot allow this title to the flaſhes of my friend S—— in the magazine, which have no ſort of claim to be called verſes, beſides their inſtantaneity.

Having ever made it my ambition to ſee my writings diſtinguiſhed for ſomething poignant, unexpected, or, in ſome reſpects, peculiar; I have acquired a degree of fame by a firm adherence to the Concetti. I have ſtung folks with my epigrams, amuſed them with acroſtics, puzzled them with rebuſſes, and diſtracted them with riddles. It remained only for me to ſucceed in the Impromptu, for which I was utterly diſqualified by a whoreſon ſlowneſs of apprehenſion.

Still deſirous, however, of the immortal honour to grow diſtinguiſhed for an extempore, I petitioned Apollo to that purpoſe in a dream. His anſwer was as follows: That whatever piece of wit, either written or verbal, makes any pretence to merit, as of extemporaneous production, ſhall be ſaid or written within the time that the author ſupports himſelf on one leg. That Horace had explained his meaning, by the phraſe STANS PEDE IN UNO. And foraſmuch as one man may perſevere in the poſture longer than another, he would recommend it to all candidates for this extraordinary accompliſhment, that they would habituate themſelves to ſtudy in no other attitude whatſoever.

Methought I received this anſwer with the utmoſt pleaſure as well as veneration; hoping that, however I was debarred of the acumen requiſite for an extempore, I might learn to weary out my betters in ſtanding on one leg.

ESSAY V.

AN HUMOURIST.

TO form an eſtimate of the proportion which one man's happineſs bears to another's, we are to conſider the mind that is allotted him with as much attention as the circumſtances. It were ſuperfluous to evince that the ſame objects which one deſpiſes, are frequently to another the ſubſtantial ſource of admiration. The man of buſineſs and the man of pleaſure are to each other mutually contemptible; and a blue garter has leſs charms for ſome, than they can diſcover in a butterfly. The more candid and ſage obſerver condemns neither for his purſuits, but for the deriſion he ſo profuſely laviſhes upon the diſpoſition of his neighbour. He concludes, that ſchemes infinitely various were at firſt intended for our purſuit and pleaſure; and that ſome find their account in heading a cry of hounds, as much as others in the dignity of Lord Chief-Juſtice.

Having premiſed thus much, I proceed to give ſome account of a character which came within the ſphere of my own obſervation.

Not the entrance of a cathedral, not the ſound of a paſſing bell, not the furs of a magiſtrate, nor the ſables of a funeral, were fraught with half the ſolemnity of face!

Nay, ſo wonderfully ſerious was he obſerved to be on all occaſions, that it was found hardly poſſible to be otherwiſe in his company. He quaſhed the loudeſt tempeſt of laughter, whenever he entered the room; and men's features, though ever ſo much roughened, were ſure to grow ſmooth at his approach.

The man had nothing vitious, or even ill-natured in his character; yet he was the dread of all jovial converſation; the young, the gay, found their ſpirits fly before him. Even the kitten and the puppy, as it were by inſtinct, would forego their frolics, and be ſtill. The depreſſion he occaſioned was like that of a damp, or vitiated air. Unconſcious of any apparent cauſe, you found your ſpirits ſink inſenſibly: and were any one to ſit for the picture of ill-luck, it is not poſſible the painter could ſelect a more proper perſon.

Yet he did not fail to boaſt of a ſuperior ſhare of reaſon, even for the want of that very faculty, riſibility, with which it is ſuppoſed to be always joined.

Indeed he acquired the character of the moſt ingenious perſon of his country, from

from this meditative temper. Not that he had ever made any great diſcovery of his talents; but a few oracular declarations, joined with a common opinion that he was writing ſomewhat for poſterity, compleated his reputation.

Numbers would have willingly depreciated his character, had not his known ſobriety and reputed ſenſe deterred them.

He was one day overheard at his devotions, returning his moſt ſincere thanks for ſome particularities in his ſituation, which the generality of mankind would have but little regarded.

'Accept,' ſaid he, 'the gratitude of 'thy moſt humble, yet moſt happy crea-'ture, not for ſilver or gold, the tinſel 'of mankind, but for thoſe amiable pe-'culiarities which thou haſt ſo graci-'ouſly interwoven both with my fortune 'and my complexion: for thoſe trea-'ſures ſo well adapted to that frame of 'mind thou haſt aſſigned me.

'That the ſurname which has de-'ſcended to me is liable to no pun.

'That it runs chiefly upon vowels 'and liquids.

'That I have a pictureſque counte-'nance, rather than one that is eſteem-'ed of regular features.

'That there is an intermediate hill, 'intercepting my view of a nobleman's 'ſeat, whoſe ill obtained ſuperiority I 'cannot bear to recollect.

'That my eſtate is over-run with 'brambles, reſounds with cataracts, 'and is beautifully varied with rocks 'and precipices, rather than an even 'cultivated ſpot, fertile of corn, or 'wine, or oil; or thoſe kinds of pro-'ductions in which the ſons of men de-'light themſelves.

'That as thou divideſt thy bounties 'impartially, giving riches to one, and 'the contempt of riches to another; ſo 'thou haſt given me, in the midſt of 'poverty, to deſpiſe the inſolence of 'riches, and, by declining all emulation 'that is founded upon wealth, to main-'tain the dignity and ſuperiority of the 'Muſes.

'That I have a diſpoſition either ſo 'elevated or ſo ingenious, that I can 'derive to myſelf amuſements from the 'very expedients and contrivances with 'which rigorous neceſſity furniſhes my 'invention.

'That I can laugh at my own fol-'lies, foibles, and infirmities; and that 'I do not want infirmities to employ 'this diſpoſition.'

This poor gentleman caught cold one winter's night, as he was contemplating, by the ſide of a cryſtal ſtream, by moonſhine. This afterwards terminated in a fever that was fatal to him. Since his death, I have been favoured with the inſpection of his poetry, of which I preſerved a catalogue for the benefit of my readers.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

ON his dog, that growing corpulent, refuſed a cruſt when it was offered him.

To the memory of a pair of breeches that had done him excellent ſervice.

Having loſt his truſty walking-ſtaff, he complaineth.

To his miſtreſs, on her declaring that ſhe loved parſnips better than potatoes.

On an ear-wig that crept into a nectarine, that it might be ſwallowed by Cloe.

On cutting an artichoke in his garden the day that Queen Anne cut her little finger.

Epigram on a wooden-peg.

Ode to the memory of the great modern—who firſt invented ſhoe-buckles.

ESSAY VI.

THE HERMIT.

IN THE MANNER OF CAMBRAY.

'TWAS in that delightful month which Love prefers before all others, and which moſt reveres this deity: that month which ever weaves a verdant carpet for the earth, and embroiders it with flowers. The banks became inviting through their coverlets of moſs; the violets, refreſhed by the moiſture of deſcending rains, enriched the tepid air with their agreeable perfumes. But the ſhower

Corbould Del.

Walker sculp.

Plate I.

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ſhower was paſt; the ſun diſperſed the vapours; and the ſky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muſes, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noiſe of mixt converſation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often ſmiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no leſs, at the vulgar caſt of theirs. He could never be content to paſs his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjuſting the preciſe difference of temperature betwixt the weather of today and yeſterday. In ſhort, he was not void of ſome ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averſe to vindicate. As he never cenſured any one who indulged their humour inoffenſively, ſo he claimed no manner of applauſe for thoſe purſuits which gratified his own. But the ſentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obſcurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applauſe, the youths who by merit had arrived at ſtation; but he thought that all ſhould, in life's viſit, leave ſome token of their exiſtence; and that their friends might more reaſonably expect it from them, than they from their poſterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents ſo very inconſiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and, in regard to ſuch as had a liberal education, he ever wiſhed that in ſome art or ſcience they would be perſuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be ſome pleaſure to reflect, that their names would at leaſt be honoured by their deſcendants, although they might eſcape the notice of ſuch as were not prejudiced in their favour.

'What a luſtre,' ſaid he, 'does the 'reputation of a Wren, a Waller, or a 'Walſingham, caſt upon their remoteſt 'progeny! and who would not wiſh ra-'ther to be deſcended from them, than 'from the mere carcaſe of nobility?' Yet, wherever ſuperb titles are faithfully offered as the reward of merit, he thought the allurements of ambition were too tranſporting to be reſiſted. But to return.

Polydore, a new inhabitant in a ſort of wild, uninhabited country, was now aſcended to the top of a mountain, and in the full enjoyment of a very extenſive proſpect. Before him a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landſkip. Fertile meadows, glittering ſtreams, pendent rocks, and nodding ruins. But theſe, indeed, were much leſs the objects of his attention, than thoſe diſtant hills and ſpires that were almoſt concealed by one undiſtinguiſhed azure. The ſea, indeed, appeared to cloſe the ſcene, though, diſtant as it was, it but little variegated the view. Hardly, indeed, were it diſtinguiſhable, but for the beams of a deſcending ſun, which at the ſame time warned our traveller to return, before the duſkineſs and dews of evening had rendered his walk uncomfortable.

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Cardinal del. Walker sculp.

Plate I.

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ſhower was paſt; the ſun diſperſed the vapours; and the ſky was clear and lucid, when Polydore walked forth. He was of a complexion altogether plain and unaffected; a lover of the Muſes, and beloved by them. He would oftentimes retire from the noiſe of mixt converſation, to enjoy the melody of birds, or the murmurs of a water-fall. His neighbours often ſmiled at his peculiarity of temper; and he no leſs, at the vulgar caſt of theirs. He could never be content to paſs his irrevocable time in an idle comment upon a news-paper, or in adjuſting the preciſe difference of temperature betwixt the weather of today and yeſterday. In ſhort, he was not void of ſome ambition, but what he felt he acknowledged, and was never averſe to vindicate. As he never cenſured any one who indulged their humour inoffenſively, ſo he claimed no manner of applauſe for thoſe purſuits which gratified his own. But the ſentiments he entertained of honour, and the dignity conferred by royal authority, made it wonderful how he bore the thoughts of obſcurity and oblivion. He mentioned, with applauſe, the youths who by merit had arrived at ſtation; but he thought that all ſhould, in life's viſit, leave ſome token of their exiſtence; and that their friends might more reaſonably expect it from them, than they from their poſterity.

There were few, he thought, of talents ſo very inconſiderable, as to be unalterably excluded from all degrees of fame: and, in regard to ſuch as had a liberal education, he ever wiſhed that in ſome art or ſcience they would be perſuaded to engrave their names. He thought it might be ſome pleaſure to reflect, that their names would at leaſt be honoured by their deſcendants, although they might eſcape the notice of ſuch as were not prejudiced in their favour.

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'poſe. But before you enter my lone 'abode, calculated only for the uſe of 'meditation, dare to contemn ſuperflu-'ous magnificence, and render thyſelf 'worthy of the Being I contemplate.

'Know, then, that I owe what the 'world is pleaſed to call my ruin (and 'indeed juſtly, were it not for the uſe 'which I have made of it) to an aſſured 'dependence, in a literal ſenſe, upon 'confuſed and diſtant proſpects: a con-'ſideration, which hath indeed ſo affect-'ed me, that I ſhall never henceforth 'enjoy a landſkip that lies at ſo remote 'a diſtance, as not to exhibit all it's 'parts. And, indeed, were I to form 'the leaſt pretenſions to what your world 'calls taſte, I might even then perhaps 'contend that a well diſcriminated land-'ſkip was at all times to be preferred 'to a diſtant and promiſcuous azure.

'I was born in the pariſh of a noble-'man who arrived to the principal ma-'nagement of the buſineſs of the nation. 'The heir of his family and myſelf were 'of the ſame age, and, for ſome time, 'ſchool-fellows. I had made conſider-'able advances in his eſteem; and the 'mutual affection we entertained for 'each other, did not long remain un-'obſerved by his family or my own. 'He was ſent early upon his travels, 'purſuant to a very injudicious cuſtom, 'and my parents were ſolicited to con-'ſent that I might accompany him. In-'timations were given to my friends, 'that a perſon of ſuch importance as his 'father might contribute much more to 'my immediate promotion, than the ut-'moſt diligence I could uſe in purſuit 'of it. My father, I remember, aſ-'ſented with reluctance: my mother, 'fired with the ambition of her ſon's 'future greatneſs, through much im-'portunity "wrung from him his ſlow "leave." I, for my own part, wanted 'no great perſuaſion. We made what 'is called the great tour of Europe. We 'neither of us, I believe, could be ſaid 'to want natural ſenſe; but being ba-'niſhed ſo early in life, were more at-'tentive to every deviation from our own 'indifferent cuſtoms, than to any uſe-'ful examination of their policies or 'manners. Judgment, for the moſt 'part, ripens very ſlowly. Fancy often 'expands her bloſſoms all at once.

'We were now returning home from 'a ſix year's abſence; anticipating the 'careſſes of our parents and relations, 'when my ever-honoured companion 'was attacked by a fever. All poſſible 'means of ſafety proving finally ineff-'fectual, he accoſted me in one of his 'lucid intervals as follows.

"Alas! my Clytander, my life, they "tell me, is of very ſhort continuance. "The next paroxyſm of my fever will "probably be concluſive.

"The proſpect of this ſudden change "does not allow me to ſpeak the grati-"tude I owe thee; much leſs to reward "the kindneſs on which it is ſo juſtly "grounded. Thou knoweſt I was ſent "away early from my parents, and the "more rational part of my life has been "paſſed with thee alone. It cannot be "but they will prove ſolicitous in their "enquiries concerning me. Thy narra-"tive will awake their tenderneſs, and "they cannot but conceive ſome for their "ſon's companion and his friend. What "I would hope is, that they will render "thee ſome ſervices, in place of thoſe "their beloved ſon intended thee, and "which I can unfeignedly aſſert, would "have been only bounded by my power. "My dear companion, farewell! All "other temporal enjoyments have I ba-"niſhed from my heart: but friendſhip "lingers long, and 'tis with tears I "ſay, Farewell!"

'My concern was truly ſo great, 'that, upon my arrival in my native 'country, it was not at all encreaſed by 'the conſideration that the nobleman, 'on whom my hopes depended, was 'removed from all his places. I waited 'on him; and he appeared ſenſibly 'grieved that the friendſhip he had ever 'profeſſed could now ſo little avail me. 'He recommended me, however, to a 'friend of his that was then of the ſuc-'ceſsful party, and who, he was aſſur-'ed, would, at his requeſt, aſſiſt me to 'the utmoſt of his power. I was now 'in the prime of life, which I effectu-'ally conſumed upon the empty forms 'of court-attendance. Hopes aroſe be-'fore me like bubbles upon a ſtream; 'as quick ſucceeding one another, as 'ſuperficial and as vain. Thus buſied 'in my purſuit, and rejecting the aſſiſt-'ance of cool examination, I found the 'winter of life approaching, and no-'thing procured to ſhelter or protect me 'when my ſecond patron died. A race 'of new ones appeared before me, and 'even yet kept my expectations in play. 'I wiſhed indeed I had retreated ſooner;

'but

'but to retire at laſt unrecompenſed, and 'when a few months attendance might 'happen to prove ſucceſsful, was be-'yond all power of reſolution.

'However, after a few years more 'attendance, diſtributed in equal pro-'portions upon each of theſe new pa-'trons, I at length obtained a place of 'much trouble and ſmall emolument. 'On the acceptance of this, my eyes 'ſeemed open all at once. I had no 'paſſion remaining for the ſplendor 'which was grown familiar to me, and 'for ſervility and confinement I enter-'tained an utter averſion. I officiated 'however for a few weeks in my poſt, 'wondering ſtill more and more how I 'could ever covet the life I led. I was 'ever moſt ſincere, but ſincerity claſh-'ed with my ſituation every moment 'of the day. In ſhort, I returned home 'to a paternal income, not indeed in-'tending that auſtere life in which you 'at preſent find me engaged. I thought 'to content myſelf with common ne-'ceſſaries, and to give the reſt, if aught 'remained, to charity; determined, 'however, to avoid all appearance of 'ſingularity. But, alas! to my great 'ſurprize, the perſon who ſupplied my 'expences had ſo far embroiled my lit-'tle affairs, that, when my debts, &c. 'were diſcharged, I was unable to ſub-'ſiſt in any better manner than I do at 'preſent. I grew at firſt entirely me-'lancholy; left the country where I was 'born, and raiſed the humble roof that 'covers me in a country where I am 'not known. I now begin to think 'myſelf happy in my preſent way of 'life: I cultivate a few vegetables to 'ſupport me; and the little well there, 'is a very clear one. I am now an uſe-'leſs individual; little able to benefit 'mankind; but a prey to ſhame, and 'to confuſion, on the firſt glance of 'every eye that knows me. My ſpirits 'are indeed ſomething raiſed by a clear 'ſky, or a meridian ſun; but as to ex-'tenſive views of the country, I think 'them well enough exchanged for the 'warmth and comfort which this vale 'affords me. Eaſe is at leaſt the pro-'per ambition of age, and it is confeſ-'ſedly my ſupreme one.

'Yet will I not permit you to depart 'from an hermit, without one inſtruc-'tive leſſon. Whatever ſituation in 'life you ever wiſh or propoſe for your-'ſelf, acquire a clear and lucid idea of 'the inconveniencies attending it. I 'utterly contemned and rejected, after 'a month's experience, the very poſt I 'had all my life-time been ſolicitous to 'procure.'

ESSAY VII.

ON DISTINCTIONS, ORDERS, AND DIGNITIES.

THE ſubject turned upon the nature of ſocieties, ranks, orders, and diſtinctions, amongſt men.

A gentleman of ſpirit, and of the popular faction, had been long declaiming againſt any kind of honours that tended to elevate a body of people into a diſtinct ſpecies from the reſt of the nation. Particularly titles and blue ribbands were the object of his indignation. They were, as he pretended, too invidious an oſtentation of ſuperiority, to be allowed in any nation that ſtiled itſelf free. Much was ſaid upon the ſubject of appearances, ſo far as they were countenanced by law or cuſtom. The biſhop's lawn; the marſhal's truncheon; the baron's robe; and the judge's peruke; were conſidered only as neceſſary ſubſtitutes, where genuine purity, real courage, native dignity, and ſuitable penetration, were wanting to compleat the characters of thoſe to whom they were aſſigned.

It was urged that policy had often effectually made it a point to dazzle in order to enſlave; and inſtances were brought of groundleſs diſtinctions borne about in the glare of day by certain perſons, who, being ſtripped of them, would be leſs eſteemed than the meaneſt plebeian.

He acknowledged, indeed, that kings, the fountains of all political honour, had hitherto ſhewn no complaiſance to that ſex whoſe ſofter diſpoſitions rendered them more excuſably fond of ſuch peculiarities.

That, in favour of the ladies, he ſhould eſteem himſelf ſufficiently happy

in the honour of inventing one order, which ſhould be ſtyled The moſt powerful order of beauties.

That their number in Great Britain ſhould be limited to five thouſand; the dignity for ever to be conferred by the queen alone, who ſhould be ſtyled ſovereign of the order, and the reſt the companions.

That the inſtalment ſhould be rendered a thouſand times more ceremonious, the dreſſes more ſuperb, and the plumes more enormous, than thoſe already in uſe amongſt the companions of the garter.

That the diſtinguiſhing badge of this order ſhould be an artificial noſegay, to be worn on the left breaſt; conſiſting of a lilly and a roſe, the proper emblems of complexion, and intermixed with a branch of myrtle, the tree ſacred to Venus.

That inſtead of their ſhields being fixed to the ſtalls appointed for this order, there ſhould be a gallery erected to receive their pictures at full length. Their portraits to be taken by four painters of the greateſt eminence; and he whoſe painting was preferred, to be ſtyled A knight of the roſe and lilly.

That when any perſon addreſſed a letter to a lady of this order, the ſtyle ſhould always be To the Right Beautiful Miſs or Lady Such-a-one.

He ſeemed for ſome time undetermined whether they ſhould forfeit their title upon marriage; but at length, for many reaſons, propoſed it ſhould be continued to them.

And thus far the gentleman proceeded in his harrangue; when it was objected that the queen, unleſs ſhe unaccountably choſe to mark out game for her huſband, could take no ſort of pleaſure in conferring this honour where it was moſt due: that as ladies grew in years, this epithet of Beautiful would burleſque them; and, in ſhort, conſidering the frailty of beauty, there was no laſting compliment that could be beſtowed upon it.

At this the orator ſmiled, and acknowledged it was true: but aſked at the ſame time, why it was more abſurd to ſtyle a lady right beautiful, in the days of her deformity, than to term a peer right honourable when he grew a ſcandal to mankind?

That this was ſometimes the caſe, he ſaid, was not to be diſputed; becauſe titles have been ſometimes granted to a worthleſs ſon, in conſequence of a father's enormous wealth moſt unjuſtly acquired. And few had ever ſurpaſſed in villainy the right honourable the Earl of A——.

The company was a little ſurpriſed at the ſophiſtry of our declaimant. However, it was replied to, by a perſon preſent, that Lord ——'s title being fictitious, no one ought to inſtance him to the diſadvantage of the Peerage, who had, ſtrictly ſpeaking, never been of that number.

ESSAY VIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE declaimant I before mentioned, continued his harrangue. 'There are (ſaid he) certain epithets which ſo frequently occur, that they are the leſs conſidered; and which are ſeldom or never examined, on account of the many opportunities of examination that preſent themſelves.

'Of this kind is the word Gentleman. This word, on it's firſt introduction, was given, I ſuppoſe, to freemen, in oppoſition to vaſſals; theſe being the two claſſes into which the nation was once divided*. The freeman was he, who was poſſeſſed of land, and could therefore ſubſiſt without manual labour; the vaſſal, he who tenanted the land, and was obliged to his thane for the neceſſaries of life. The different manners, we may preſume, that ſprung from their different ſituations and connections, occaſioned the one to be denominated a ci-

* As the author is not writing a treatiſe on the feudal law, but a moral eſſay, any little innaccuracies it is to be hoped will be over-looked by thoſe, who, from ſeveral late treatiſes on this ſubject might expect great exactneſs and preciſion in a ſerious diſcuſſion of this point.

vilized

vilized or gentle perſonage; and the other to obtain the name of a mere ruſtic or villain.

'But upon the publication of cruſades, the ſtate of things was conſiderably altered: it was then that every freeman diſtinguiſhed the ſhield which he wore with ſome painted emblem or device; and this, in order that his fellow-combatants might attribute to him his proper applauſe; which, upon account of ſimilar accoutrements, might be otherwiſe ſubject to miſapplication.

'Upon this there aroſe a diſtinction betwixt freeman and freeman. All who had ſerved in thoſe religious wars continued the uſe of their firſt devices, but all devices were not illuſtrated by the ſame pretenſions to military glory.

'However, theſe campaigns were diſcontinued: freſh families ſprung up; who, without any pretence to mark themſelves with ſuch devices as theſe holy combatants, were yet as deſirous of reſpect, of eſtimation, of diſtinction. It would be tedious enough to trace the ſteps by which money eſtabliſhes even abſurdity. A court of heraldry ſprung up to ſupply the place of cruſade exploits, to grant imaginary ſhields and trophies to families that never wore real armour, and it is but of late that it has been diſcovered to have no real juriſdiction.

'Yet cuſtom is not at once overthrown; and he is even now deemed a gentleman who has arms recorded in the Herald's Office, and at the ſame time follows none except a liberal employment.

'Allowing this diſtinction, it is obvious to all who conſider, that a churliſh, moroſe, illiterate clown; a lazy, beggarly, ſharping vagabond; a ſtupid, lubberly, inactive ſot, or pick-pocket, nay even an highwayman, may be nevertheleſs a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed. In ſhort, that the definition may, together with others, include alſo the filth, the ſcum, and the dregs of the creation.

'But do we not appear to diſallow this account, when we ſay, "ſuch or ſuch "an action was not done in a gentle-"man-like manner—ſuch uſage was "not the behaviour of a gentleman," and ſo forth? We ſeem thus to inſinuate that the appellation of Gentleman regards morals as well as family; and that integrity, politeneſs, generoſity, and affability, have the trueſt claim to a diſtinction of this kind. Whence then ſhall we ſuppoſe was derived this contradiction? Shall we ſay that the plebeians, having the virtues on their ſide, by degrees removed this appellation from the baſis of family to that of merit; which they eſteemed, and not unjuſtly, to be the true and proper pedeſtal? This the gentry would ſcarce allow. Shall we then inſiſt that every thing great and god-like was heretofore the atchievement of the gentry? But this, perhaps, will not obtain the approbation of the commoners.

'To reconcile the difference, let us ſuppoſe the denomination may belong equally to two ſorts of men. The one, what may be ſtiled a gentleman, de jure, viz. a man of generoſity, politeneſs, learning, taſte, genius, or affability; in ſhort, accompliſhed in all that is ſplendid, or endeared to us by all that is amiable, on the one ſide: and on the other, a gentleman, de facto, or what, to Engliſh readers, I would term a gentleman as by law eſtabliſhed.

'As to the latter appellation, what is really eſſential, or, as logicians would ſay, "quarto modo proprium," is a real, or at leaſt ſpecious, claim to the inheritance of certain coat-armour from a ſecond or more diſtant anceſtor; and this unſtained by any mechanical or illiberal employment.

'We may diſcover, on this ſtate of the caſe, that, however material a difference this diſtinction ſuppoſes, yet it is not wholly impracticable for a gentleman de jure to render himſelf in ſome ſort a gentleman de facto. A certain ſum of money, depoſited in the hands of my good friends Norroy or Rogue-dragon, will convey to him a coat of arms deſcending from as many anceſtors as he pleaſes. On the other hand, the gentleman de facto may become a gentleman alſo de jure, by the acquiſition of certain virtues, which are rarely all of them unattainable. The latter, I muſt acknowledge, is the more difficult taſk; at leaſt we may daily diſcover crowds acquire ſufficient wealth to buy gentility, but very few that poſſeſs the virtues which ennoble human nature, and (in the beſt ſenſe of the word) conſtitute a GENTLEMAN.'

ESSAY IX.

A CHARACTER.

—HE was a youth ſo amply furniſhed with every excellence of mind, that he ſeemed alike capable of acquiring or diſregarding the goods of fortune. He had indeed all the learning and erudition that can be derived from univerſities, without the pedantry and ill manners which are too often their attendants. What few or none acquire by the moſt intenſe aſſiduity, he poſſeſſed by nature: I mean, that elegance of taſte, which diſpoſed him to admire beauty under it's great varietyof appearances. It paſſed not unobſerved by him either in the cut of a ſleeve, or the integrity of a moral action. The proportion of a ſtatue, the convenience of an edifice, the movement in a dance, and the complexion of a cheek or flower, afforded him ſenſations of beauty; that beauty with inferior geniuſes are taught coldly to diſtinguiſh, or to diſcern rather than feel. He could trace the excellencies both of the courtier and the ſtudent, who are mutually ridiculous in the eyes of each other. He had nothing in his character that could obſcure ſo great accompliſhments, beſide the want, the total want, of a deſire to exhibit them. Through this it came to paſs, that what would have raiſed another to the heights of reputation, was oftentimes in him paſſed over unregarded. For, in reſpect to ordinary obſervers, it is requiſite to lay ſome ſtreſs yourſelf, on what you intend ſhould be remarked by others; and this never was his way. His knowledge of books had in ſome degree diminiſhed his knowledge of the world; or, rather, the external forms and manners of it. His ordinary converſation was, perhaps, rather too pregnant with ſentiment, the uſual fault of rigid ſtudents; and this he would in ſome degree have regulated better, did not the univerſality of his genius, together with the method of his education, ſo largely contribute to this amiable defect. This kind of aukwardneſs (ſince his modeſty will allow it no better name) may be compared to the ſtiffneſs of a fine piece of brocade, whoſe turgeſcency indeed conſtitutes, and is inſeparable from, it's value. He gave delight by an happy boldneſs in the extirpation of common prejudices; which he could as readily penetrate, as he could humouroufly ridicule: and he had ſuch entire poſſeſſion of the hearts as well as underſtandings of his friends, that he could ſoon make the moſt ſurpriſing paradoxes believed and well accepted. His image, like that of a ſovereign, could give an additional value to the moſt precious ore; and we no ſooner believed our eyes that it was he who ſpake it, than we as readily believed whatever he had to ſay. In this he differed from W——r, that he had the talent of rendered the greateſt virtues unenvied: whereas the later ſhone more remarkably in making his very faults agreeable, I mean in regard to thoſe few he had to exerciſe his ſkill.

N. B. This was written, in an extempore manner, on my friend's wall at Oxford, with a black lead pencil, 1735, and intended for his character.

ESSAY X.

ON RESERVE.

A FRAGMENT.

TAKING an evening's walk with a friend in the country, among many grave remarks, he was making the following obervation. 'There is not,' ſays, he, 'any one quality ſo inconſiſtent with reſpect, as what is commonly 'called familarity. You do not find 'one in fifty, whoſe regard is proof 'againſt it. At the ſame time, it is 'hardly poſſible to inſiſt upon ſuch a 'deference as will render you ridiculous, if it be ſupported by common 'ſenſe,

'ſenſe. Thus much at leaſt is evident,
'that your demands will be ſo ſucceſs-
'ful, as to procure a greater ſhare than
'if you had made no ſuch demand. I
'may frankly own to you, Leander,
'that I frequently derived uneaſineſs,
'from a familiarity with ſuch perſons as
'deſpiſed every thing they could obtain
'with eaſe. Were it not better, there-
'fore, to be ſomewhat frugal of our
'ability, at leaſt to allot it only to the
'few perſons of diſcernment who can
'make the proper diſtinction betwixt
'real dignity and pretended: to neglect
'thoſe characters, which, being impa-
'tient to grow familiar, are at the ſame
'time very far from familiarity-proof;
'to have poſthumous fame in view,
'which affords us the moſt pleaſing
'landſkip: to enjoy the amuſement of
'reading, and the conſciouſneſs that
'reading paves the way to general eſ-
'teem; to preſerve a conſtant regularity
'of temper, and alſo of conſtitution,
'for the moſt part but little conſiſtent
'with a promiſcuous intercourſe with
'men: to ſhun all illiterate, though
'ever ſo joyful aſſemblies, inſipid, per-
'haps, when preſent, and upon reflec-
'tion painful: to meditate on thoſe
'abſent or departed friends, who value
'or valued us for thoſe qualities with
'which they were beſt acquainted: to
'partake with ſuch a friend as you, the
'delights of a ſtudious and rational re-
'tirement—Are not theſe the paths that
'lead to happineſs?'

In anſwer to this (for he ſeemed to feel ſome late mortification) I obſerved, that what we loſt by familiarity in reſpect, was generally made up to us by the affection it procured; and that an abſolute ſolitude was ſo very contrary to our natures, that were he excluded from ſociety but for a ſingle fortnight, he would be exhilarated at the ſight of the firſt beggar that he ſaw.

What follows were thoughts thrown out in our further diſcourſe upon the ſubject; without order or connection, as they occur to my remembrance.

Some reſerve is a debt to prudence; as freedom and ſimplicity of converſation is a debt to good-nature.

There would not be any abſolute neceſſity for reſerve, if the world were honeſt: yet, even then, it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it ſeems neceſſary that people ſhould imagine you have more accompliſhments than you diſcover.

It is on this depends one of the excellencies of the judicious Virgil. He leaves you ſomething ever to imagine: and ſuch is the conſtitution of the human mind, that we think ſo highly of nothing, as of that whereof we do not ſee the bounds. This, as Mr. Burke ingeniouſly obſerves, affords the pleaſure when we ſurvey a Cylinder*; and Sir John Suckling ſays—

'They who know all the wealth they have,
are poor;
'He's only rich who cannot tell his ſtore.'

A perſon that would ſecure to himſelf great deference, will, perhaps, gain his point by ſilence, as effectually as by any thing he can ſay.

To be, however, a niggard of one's obſervations, is ſo much worſe than to hoard up one's money, as the former may be both imparted and retained at the ſame time.

Men oftentimes pretend to proportion their reſpect to real deſert; but a ſupercilious reſerve and diſtance wearies them into a compliance with more. This appears ſo very manifeſt to many perſons of the lofty character, that they uſe no better means to acquire reſpect than like highwaymen to make a demand of it. They will, like Empedocles, jump into the fire, rather than betray the mortal part of their character.

It is from the ſame principle of diſtance that nations are brought to believe that their great duke knoweth all things; as is the caſe in ſome countries.

'Men, while no human form or fault they
ſee,
Excuſe the want of ev'n humanity:
And eaſtern kings, who vulgar view diſdain,
Require no worth to fix their awful reign.
You cannot ſay in truth what may diſgrace
'em:
You know in what predicament to place 'em.
Alas! in all the glare of light reveal'd,
Ev'n virtue charms us leſs than vice conceal'd!'

'For ſome ſmall worth he had, the man was
priz'd,
He added frankneſs—and he grew deſps'd.'

We want comets, not ordinary planets:
Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.
TERENCE.

* Treatiſe of the Sublime and Beautiful.

Hunc

Hunc cœlum, & ſtellas, & decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui formidine nullâ
Imbuti ſpectent.

Virtues, like eſſences, loſe their fragrance when expoſed. They are ſenſitive plants, which will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to diſtinguiſh modeſty, which is ever amiable, from reſerve, which is only prudent. A man is hated ſometimes for pride, when it was an exceſs of humility gave the occaſion.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The reſerved man's intimate acquaintance are, for the moſt part, fonder of him, than the perſons of a more affable character; i. e. he pays them a greater compliment than the other can do his, as he diſtinguiſhes them more.

It is indolence, and the pain of being upon one's guard, that makes one hate an artful character.

The moſt reſerved of men, that will not exchange two ſyllables together in an Engliſh coffee-houſe, ſhould they meet at Iſpahan, would drink ſherbet, and eat a meſs of rice together.

The man of ſhew is vain: the reſerved man is proud more properly. The one has greater depth; the other a more lively imagination. The one is more frequently reſpected; the other more generally beloved. The one a Cato: the other a Cæſar. Vide Salluſt.

What Cæſar ſaid of 'Rubicundos 'amo; pallidos timeo;' may be applied to familiarity, and to reſerve.

A reſerved man often makes it a rule to leave company with a good ſpeech; and I believe ſometimes proceeds ſo far as to leave company, becauſe he has made one. Yet it is his fate often, like the mole, to imagine himſelf deep, when he is near the ſurface.

Were it prudent to decline this reſerve, and this horror of diſcloſing foibles; to give up a part of a character to ſecure the reſt? The world will certainly inſiſt upon having ſome part to pull to pieces. Let us throw out ſome follies to the envious; as we give up counters to an highwayman, or a barrel to a whale, in order to ſave one's money and one's ſhip: to let it make exceptions to one's head of hair, if one can eſcape being ſtabbed in the heart.

The reſerved man ſhould drink double glaſſes.

Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their heart, as to their garden.

A reſerved man is in continual conflict with the ſocial part of his nature; and even grudges himſelf the laugh into which he ſometimes is betrayed.

'Seldom he ſmiles—
'And ſmiles in ſuch a ſort as he diſdained
'Himſelf—that could be moved to ſmile at any thing.'

'A fool and his words are ſoon part-'ed;' for ſo ſhould the proverb run.

Common underſtandings, like cits in gardening, allow no ſhades to their picture.

Modeſty often paſſes for arrant haughtineſs; as what is deemed ſpirit in an horſe proceeds from fear.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

The reſerved man ſhould bring a certificate of his honeſty, before he be admitted into company.

'Reſerve is no more eſſentially connected with underſtanding, than a church-organ with devotion, or wine with good-nature*.

ESSAY XI.

ON EXTERNAL FIGURE.

THERE is a young gentleman in my pariſh, who, on account of his ſuperior equipage, is eſteemed univerſally more proud and more haughty than his neighbours. 'Tis frequently hinted, that he is by no means intitled to ſo ſplendid an appearance, either by his birth, his ſtation, or his fortune; and

* Theſe were no other than a collection of hints, when I propoſed to write a poetical eſſay on Reſerve.

that

that it is, of conſequence, more pride that urges him to live beyond his rank, or renders him blind to the knowledge of it. With all this fondneſs for external ſplendor, he is a moſt affable and ingenious man; and for this reaſon I am inclined to vindicate him, when theſe things are mentioned to his diſadvantage.

In the firſt place, it is by no means clear, that dreſs and equipage are ſure ſigns of pride. Where it is joined with a ſuperciliousbehaviour, it becomes then a corroborative teſtimony. But this is not always the caſe: therefinements of luxury in equipage, or a table, are perhaps as often the gratifications of fancy, as the conſequence of an ambition to ſurpaſs and eclipſe our equals. Whoever thinks that taſte has nothing to do here, muſt confine the expreſſion to improper limits; aſſuredly imagination may find it's account in them, wholly independent of worldly homage and conſiderations more invidious.

In the warmth of friendſhip for this gentleman, I am ſometimes prompted to go further. I inſiſt, it is not birth or fortune only that give a perſon claim to a ſplendid appearance; that it may be conferred by other qualifications, in which my friend is acknowledged to have a ſhare.

I have ſometimes urged that remarkable ingenuity, any great degree of merit in learning, arts or ſciences, are a more reaſonable authority for a ſplendid appearance than thoſe which are commonly preſumed to be ſo. That there is ſomething more perſonal in this kind of advantages than in rank or fortune, will not be denied: and ſurely there ought to be ſome proportion obſerved betwixt the caſe and the thing encloſed. The propenſity of rich and worthleſs people to appear with a ſplendour upon all occaſions, puts one in mind of the country ſhopkeeper, who gilds his boxes in order to be the receptacle of pitch or tobacco. It is not unlike the management at our theatres royal, where you ſee a piece of candle honoured with a crown.

I have generally conſidered thoſe as privileged people, who are able to ſupport the character they aſſume. Thoſe who are incapable of ſhining but by dreſs, would do well to conſider that the contraſt betwixt them and their cloaths turns out much to their diſadvantage. It is on this account I have ſometimes obſerved with pleaſure ſome noblemen of immenſe fortune to dreſs exceedingly plain.

If dreſs be only allowable to perſons of family, it may then be conſidered as a ſort of family livery, and Jack the groom may, with equal juſtice, pride himſelf upon the gaudy veſt-robe his maſter gives him. Nay more—For a gentleman, before he hires a ſervant, will require ſome teſtimony of his merit, whereas the maſter challenges his own right to ſplendour, though poſſeſſed of no merit at all.

Upon my preſent ſcheme of dreſs, it may ſeem to anſwer ſome very good purpoſes. It is then eſtabliſhed on the ſame foundation as the judge's robe and the prelate's lawn. If dreſs were only authorized in men of ingenuity, we ſhould find many aiming at the previous merit, in hopes of the ſubſequent diſtinction. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a ſtar and garter would one never knighted: and men would uſe as commendable a diligence to qualify themſelves for a brocaded waiſtcoat, or a gold ſnuff-box, as they now do to procure themſelves a right of inveſting their limbs in lawn or ermine. We ſhould not eſteem a man a coxcomb for his dreſs, till, by frequent converſation, we diſcovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a bon mot, the gold upon his coat would ſeem foreign to his circumſtances. A man ſhould not wear a French dreſs, till he could give an account of the beſt French authors: and he ſhould be verſed in all the Oriental languages before he ſhould preſume to wear a diamond.

It may be urged, that men of the greateſt merit may not be able to ſhew it in their dreſs, on account of thir ſlender income. But here it ſhould be conſidered that another part of the world would find their equipage ſo much reduced by a ſumptuary law of this nature, that a very moderate degree of ſplendour would diſtinguiſh them more than a greater does at preſent.

What I propoſe, however, upon the whole, is, that men of merit ſhould be allowed to dreſs in proportion to it; but this with the privilege of appearing plain, whenever they found an expediency in ſo doing: as a nobleman lays aſide his garter, when he ſees no valuable conſequence in the diſcovery of his quality.

ESSAY XII.

A CHARACTER.

'ANIMÆ NIL MAGNÆ LAUDIS EGENTES.'

THERE is an order of perſons in the world, whoſe thoughts never deviate from the common road; whatever events occur, whatever objects preſent themſelves, their obſervations are as uniform, as though they were the conſequence of inſtinct. There is nothing places theſe men in a more inſignificant point of light, than a compariſon of their ideas with the refinements of ſome great genius. I ſhall only add, by way of reflection, that it is people of this ſtamp, who, together with the ſoundeſt health, often enjoy the greateſt equanimity: their paſſions, like dull ſteeds, being the leaſt apt to endanger or miſguide them: yet ſuch is the fatality! Men of genius are often expected to act with moſt diſcretion, on account of that very fancy which is their greateſt impediment.

I was taking a view of Weſtminſter Abbey, with an old gentleman of exceeding honeſty, but the ſame degree of underſtanding as that I have deſcribed.

There had nothing paſſed in our way thither, beſide the cuſtomary ſalutations, and an endeavour to decide with accuracy upon the preſent temperature of the weather. On paſſing over the threſhold, he obſerved with an air of thoughtfulneſs, that it was a brave ancient place.

I told him, I thought there was none more ſuitable, to moralize upon the futility of all earthly glory, as there was none which contained the aſhes of men that had acquired a greater ſhare of it. On this he gave a nod of approbation, but did not ſeem to comprehend me.

Silence enſued for many minutes; when having had time to reflect upon the monuments of men famous in their generations, he ſtood collected in himſelf; aſſuring me, 'There was no ſort of excellence could exempt a man from death.

I applauded the juſtice of his obſervation; and ſaid, it was not only my preſent opinion, but had been ſo for a number of years. 'Right,' ſays he, 'and for my own part I ſeldom love to 'publiſh my remarks upon a ſubject, 'till I have had them confirmed to me 'by a long courſe of experience.'

This laſt maxim, ſomewhat beyond his uſual depth, occaſioned a ſilence of ſome few minutes. The ſpring had been too much bent to recover immediately it's wonted vigour. We had taken ſome few turns up and down the left-hand ayle, when he caught ſight of a monument ſomewhat larger than the reſt, and more calculated to make impreſſion upon an ordinary imagination. As I remember, it was raiſed to an anceſtor of the D. of Newcaſtle. 'Well,' ſays he, with an air of cunning, 'this 'is indeed a fine piece of workmanſhip; 'but I cannot conceive this finery is of 'any ſignification to the perſon buried 'there.' I told him, I thought not; and that, under a notion of reſpect to the deceaſed, people were frequently impoſed upon by their own pride and affectation.

We were now arrived at the monument of Sir George Chamberlain; where my friend had juſt peruſed enough to inform him that he was an eminent phyſician, when he broke out with precipitation, and as though ſome important diſcovery had ſtruck his fancy on a ſudden. I liſtened to him with attention, till I found him labouring to inſinuate that phyſicians themſelves could not ſave their lives when their time was come.

He had not proceeded many ſteps from it before he beckoned to our Ciceroni. 'Friend,' ſays he, pointing with his cane, 'how long has that gentleman been dead?' The man ſet him right in that particular; after which putting on a woeful countenance—'Well,' ſays he, 'to behold how faſt time flies 'away! 'Tis but a ſmall time to look 'back upon, ſince he and I met at the 'Devil*. Alas!' continued he, 'we

* A well-known tavern near Temple Bar.

'ſhall

'ſhall never do ſo again.' Indulging myſelf with a pun that eſcaped me on a ſudden, I told him I hoped not; and immediately took my leave.

This old gentleman, as I have ſince heard, paſſed his life chiefly in the country; where it faintly participated either of pleaſure or of pain. His chief delights indeed were ſenſual, but thoſe of the leſs vigorous kind; an afternoon's pipe, an evening walk, or a nap after dinner. His death, which happened, it ſeems, quickly after, was occaſioned by an uniform application to Boſtock's cordial, whatever his caſe required. Indeed his diſcourſe, when any complained of ſickneſs, was a little exuberant in the praiſes of this noble cathartic. But his diſtemper proving of a nature to which this remedy was wholly foreign, as well as this precluding the uſe of a more effectual recipe, he expired, not without the character of a moſt conſiderate perſon. I find, by one part of his will, he obliged his heir to conſume a certain quantity of ale among his neighbours, on the day he was born; and by another, left a ring of bells to the church adjoining to his garden. It looks as if the old gentleman had not only an averſion to much reflection in himſelf, but endeavoured to provide againſt it in ſucceeding generations.

I have heard that he ſometimes boaſted that he was a diſtant relation of Sir Rogerly de Coverly.

ESSAY XIII.

AN OPINION OF GHOSTS.

IT is remarkable how much the belief of ghoſts and apparitions of perſons departed has loſt ground within theſe fifty years. This may perhaps be explained by the general growth of knowledge; and by the conſequent decay of ſuperſtition, even in thoſe kingdoms where it is moſt eſſentially interwoven with religion.

The ſame credulity, which diſpoſed the mind to believe the miracles of a popiſh ſaint, ſet aſide at once the interpoſition of reaſon; and produced a fondneſs for the marvellous, which it was the prieſt's advantage to promote.

It may be natural enough to ſuppoſe that a belief of this kind might ſpread in the days of popiſh infatuation. A belief, as much ſupported by ignorance, as the ghoſts themſelves were indebted to the night.

But whence comes it, that narratives of this kind have at any time been given, by perſons of veracity, of judgment, and of learning? Men neither liable to be deceived themſelves, nor to be ſuſpected of an inclination to deceive others, though it were their intereſt; nor who could be ſuppoſed to have any intereſt in it, even though it were their inclination.

Here ſeems a further explanation wanting than what can be drawn from ſuperſtition.

I go upon a ſuppoſition, that the relations themſelves were falſe. For as to the arguments ſometimes uſed in this caſe, that had there been no true ſhilling there had been no counterfeit, it ſeems wholly a piece of ſophiſtry. The true ſhilling here ſhould mean the living perſon; and the counterfeit reſemblance, the poſthumous figure of him, that either ſtrikes our ſenſes or our imagination.

Suppoſing no ghoſt then ever appeared, is it a conſequence that no man could ever imagine that they ſaw the figure of a perſon deceaſed? Surely thoſe, who ſay this, little know the force, the caprice, or the defects, of the imagination.

Perſons after a debauch of liquor, or under the influence of terror, or in the deliria of a fever, or in a fit of lunacy, or even walking in their ſleep, have had their brain as deeply impreſſed with chimerical repreſentations, as they could poſſibly have been, had theſe repreſentations ſtruck their ſenſes.

I have mentioned but a few inſtances, wherein the brain is primarily affected. Others may be given, perhaps not quite ſo common, where the ſtronger paſſions, either acute or chronical, have impreſſed their object upon the brain; and this in ſo lively a manner, as to leave the viſionary no room to doubt of their real preſence.

How difficult then muſt it be to undeceive a perſon as to objects thus imprinted? Imprinted abſolutely with the ſame force as their eyes themſelves could

have poutrayed them! And how many perſons muſt there needs be, who could never be undeceived at all!

Some of theſe cauſes might not improbably have given riſe to the notion of apparitions: and when the notion had been once promulgated, it had a natural tendency to produce more inſtances.

The gloom of night, that was productive of terror, would be naturally productive of apparitions. The event confirmed it.

The paſſion of grief for a departed friend, of horror for a murdered enemy, of remorſe for a wronged teſtator, of love for a miſtreſs killed by inconſtancy, of gratitude to a wife for long fidelity, of deſire to be reconciled to one who died at variance, of impatience to vindicate what was falſely conſtrued, of propenſity to conſult with an adviſer that is loſt—The more faint as well as the more powerful paſſions, when bearing relation to a perſon deceaſed, have often, I fancy, with concurrent circumſtances, been ſufficient to exhibit the dead to the living.

But what is more, there ſeems no other account that is adequate to the caſe as I have ſtated it. Allow this, and you have at once a reaſon, why the moſt upright may have publiſhed a falſehood, and the moſt judicious confirmed an abſurdity.

Suppoſing then that apparitions of this kind may have ſome real uſe in God's moral government: is not any moral purpoſe, for which they may be employed, as effectually anſwered on my ſuppoſition, as the other? for ſurely it cannot be of any importance, by what means the brain receives theſe images. The effect, the conviction, and the reſolution conſequent, may be juſt the ſame in either of the caſes.

Such appears to me at leaſt, to be the true exiſtence of apparitions.

The reaſons againſt any external apparition, among others that may be brought, are theſe that follow.

They are, I think, never ſeen by day; and darkneſs being the ſeaſon of terror and uncertainty, and the imagination left reſtrained, they are never viſible to more than one perſon: which had more probably been the caſe, were not the viſion internal.

They have not been reported to have appeared theſe twenty years. What cauſe can be aſſigned, were their exiſtence real, for ſo great a change as their diſcontinuance?

The cauſe of ſuperſtition has loſt ground for this laſt century; the notion of ghoſts has been, together, exploded: a reaſon why the imagination ſhould be leſs prone to conceive them; but not a reaſon why they themſelves ſhould ceaſe.

Moſt of thoſe, who relate that theſe ſpectres have appeared to them, have been perſons either deeply ſuperſtitious in other reſpects; of enthuſiaſtic imaginations, or ſtrong paſſions, which are the conſequence; or elſe have allowedly felt ſome perturbation at the time.

Some few inſtances may be ſuppoſed, where the caprice of imagination, ſo very remarkable in dreams, may have preſented fantaſms to thoſe that waked. I believe there are few but can recollect ſome, wherein it has wrought miſtakes, at leaſt equal to that of a white horſe for a winding ſheet.

To conclude. As my hypotheſis ſuppoſes the chimera to give terror equal to the reality, our beſt means of avoiding it, is to keep a ſtrict guard over our paſſions; to avoid intemperance, as we would a charnel-houſe; and by making frequent appeals to cool reaſon and common ſenſe, ſecure to ourſelves the property of a well-regulated imagination.

ESSAY XIV.

ON CARDS.

A FRAGMENT.

****WE had paſſed our evening with ſome certain perſons famous for their taſte, their learning, and refinement: but, as ill-luck would have it, two fellows, duller than the reſt, had contrived to put themſelves upon a level, by introducing a GAME AT CARDS,

'Tis a ſign,' ſaid he, 'the world 'is far gone in abſurdity, or ſurely the 'faſhion

'fashion of cards would be accounted 'no small one. Is it not surprizing that 'men of sense should submit to join in 'this idle custom, which appears origi-'nally invented to supply it's deficiency? 'But such is the fatality! imperfections 'give rise to fashions; and are follow-'ed by those who do not labour under 'the defects that introduced them. Nor 'is the hoop the only instance of a fa-'shion invented by those who found 'their account in it; and afterwards 'countenanced by others to whose fi-'gure it was prejudicial.

'How can men, who value them-'selves upon their reflections, give en-'couragement to a practice, which puts 'an end to thinking?'

I intimated the old allusion of the bow, that requires fresh vigour by a temporary relaxation.

He answered, this might be applicable, provided I could show, that cards did not require the pain of thinking; and merely exclude from it the profit and the pleasure.

'Cards, if one may guess from their 'first appearance, seem invented for the 'use of children; and, among the toys 'peculiar to infancy, the bells, the 'whistle, the rattle, and the hobby-'horse, deserved their share of com-'mendation. By degrees men, who 'came nearest to children in under-'standing and want of ideas, grew en-'amoured of the use of them as a suit-'able entertainment. Others also, pleas-'ed to reflect on the innocent part of 'their lives, had recourse to this amuse-'ment, as what recalled it to their minds. 'A knot of villains encreased the party; 'who, regardless of that entertainment 'which the former seemed to draw from 'cards, considered them in a more serious 'light, and made use of them as a more 'decent substitute to robbing on the 'road, or picking pockets. But men 'who propose to themselves a dignity of 'character, where will you find their 'inducement to this kind of game? 'For difficult indeed were it to deter-'mine, whether it appear more odious 'among sharpers, or more empty and 'ridiculous among persons of charac-'ter.'

'Perhaps,' replied I, 'your men of 'wit and fancy may favour this diver-'sion, as giving occasion for the crop 'of jest and witticism, which naturally 'enough arises from the names and 'circumstances of the cards.'

He said, he would allow this as a proper motive, in case the men of wit and humour would accept the excuse themselves.

'In short,' says he, 'as persons of 'ability are capable of furnishing out a 'much more agreeable entertainment; 'when a gentleman offers me cards, I 'shall esteem it as his private opinion 'that I have neither sense nor fancy.'

I asked how much he had lost—His answer was, he did not much regard ten pieces; but that it hurt him to have squandered them away on cards; and that to the loss of a conversation, for which he would have given twenty.

ESSAY XV.

ON HYPOCRISY.

WERE hypocrites to pretend to no uncommon sanctity, their want of merit would be less discoverable. But pretensions of this nature bring their characters upon the carpet. Those who endeavour to pass for the lights of the world must expect to attract the eyes of it. A small blemish is more easily discoverable in them, and more justly ridiculous, than a much greater in their neighbours. A small blemish also presents a clue, which very often conducts us through the most intricate mazes and dark recesses of their character.

Notwithstanding the evidence of this, how often do we see pretence cultivated in proportion as virtue is neglected! As religion sinks in one scale, pretence is exalted in the other.

Perhaps their is not a more effectual key to the discovery of hypocrisy than a censorious temper. The man possessed of real virtue knows the difficulty of attaining it; and is, of course, more inclined to pity others, who happen to fail in

in the purſuit. The hypocrite, on the other hand, having never trod the thorny path, is leſs induced to pity thoſe who deſert it for the flowery one. He expoſes the unhappy victim without compunction, and even with a kind of triumph; not conſidering that vice is the proper object of compaſſion; or that propenſity to cenſure is almoſt a worſe quality than any it can expoſe.

Clelia was born in England, of Romiſh parents, about the time of the Revolution. She ſeemed naturally framed for love, if you were to judge by her external beauties; but if you build your opinion on her outward conduct, you would have deemed her as naturally averſe to it. Numerous were the garçons of the polite and gallant nation, who endeavoured to overcome her prejudices, and to reconcile her manners to her form. Perſons of rank, fortune, learning, wit, youth, and beauty, ſued to her; nor had ſhe any reaſon to quarrel with Love for the ſhapes in which he appeared before her. Yet in vain were all applications. Religion was her only object; and ſhe ſeemed reſolved to paſs her days in all the auſterities of the moſt rigid convent. To this purpoſe ſhe ſought out an abbeſs that preſided over a nunnery in Languedoc, a ſmall community, particularly remarkable for extraordinary inſtances of ſelf-denial. The abbeſs herſelf exhibited a perſon in which chaſtity appeared indeed not very meritorious. Her character was perfectly well known before ſhe went to preſide over this little ſociety. Her virtues were indeed ſuch as ſhe thought moſt convenient to her circumſtances. Her faſts were the effect of avarice, and her devotions of the ſpleen. She conſidered the cheapneſs of houſe-keeping as the great reward of piety, and added profuſeneſs to the ſeven deadly ſins. She knew ſackcloth to be cheaper than brocade, and aſhes than ſweet powder.

Her heart ſympathized with every cup that was broken, and ſhe inſtituted a faſt for each domeſtic misfortune. She had converted her larder into a ſtudy, and the greater part of her library conſiſted of manuals for faſting days. By theſe arts, and this way of life, ſhe ſeemed to enjoy as great a freedom from inordinate deſires, as the perſons might be ſuppoſed to do, who were favoured with her ſmiles or her converſation.

To this lady was Clelia admitted; and after the year of probation aſſumed the veil.

Among many others who had ſolicited her notice, before ſhe became a member of this convent, was Leander, a young phyſician of great learning and ingenuity. His perſonal accompliſhments were at leaſt equal to thoſe of any of his rivals, and his paſſion was ſuperior. He urged in his behalf all that wit, inſpired by fondneſs, and recommended by perſon, dreſs, and equipage, could inſinuate; but in vain. She grew angry at ſolicitations with which ſhe reſolved never to comply, and which ſhe found ſo difficult to evade.

But Clelia now had aſſumed the veil, and Leander was the moſt miſerable of mortals. He had not ſo high an opinion of his fair-one's ſanctity and zeal, as ſome other of her admirers: but he had a conviction of her beauty, and that altogether irreſiſtible. His extravagant paſſion had produced in him a jealouſy that was not eaſily eluded:

At regina dolos——
Quid non ſentit amor?

He had obſerved his miſtreſs go more frequently to her confeſſor, a young and blooming eccleſiaſtic, than was, perhaps, neceſſary for ſo much apparent purity, or, as he thought, conſiſtent with it. It was enough to put a lover on the rack, and it had this effect upon Leander. His ſuſpicions were by no means leſſened, when he found the convent to which Clelia had given the preference before all others, was one where this young friar ſupplied a confeſſional chair.

It happened that Leander was brought to the abbeſs in the chapacity of a phyſician, and he had one more opportunity offered him of beholding Clelia through the grate.

She, quite ſhocked at his appearance, burſt out into a ſudden rage, inveighing bitterly againſt his preſumption, and calling loudly on the name of the bleſſed Virgin and the holy friar. The convent was, in ſhort, alarmed; nor was Clelia capable of being pacified till the good man was called, in order to allay, by ſuitable applications, the emotions raiſed by this unexpected interview.

Leander grew daily more convinced, that it was not only verbal communica-

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tions which paſſed between Clelia and the friar. This, however, he did not think himſelf fully warranted to diſcloſe, till an accident, of a ſingular nature gave him an opportunity of receiving more ample teſtimony.

The confeſſor had a favourite ſpaniel, which he had loſt for ſome time, and was informed at length that he was killed, at a village in the neighbourhood, being evidently mad. The friar was at firſt not much concerned; but in a little time recollected that the dog had ſnapped his fingers the very day before his elopement. A phyſician's advice was thought expedient on the occaſion, and Leander was the next phyſician. He told him with great frankneſs, that no preſcription he could write had the ſanction of ſo much experience as immerſion in ſea-water. The friar, therefore, the next day, ſet forward upon his journey; while Leander, not without a miſchievous kind of ſatisfaction, conveyed the following lines to Clelia.

MY CHARMING CLELIA,

THOUGH I yet love you to diſtraction, I cannot but ſuſpect that you have granted favours to your confeſſor, which you might, with greater innocence, have granted to Leander. All I have to add, is this, that amorous intercourſes of this nature, which you have enjoyed with friar Laurence, put you under the like neceſſity with him of ſeeking a remedy in the ocean. Adieu!

LEANDER.

Imagine Clelia guilty; and then imagine her confuſion. To rail was inſignificant, and to blame her phyſician was abſurd, when ſhe found herſelf under a neceſſity of purſuing his advice. The whole ſociety was made acquainted with the journey ſhe was undertaking, and the cauſes of it. It were uncharitable to ſuppoſe the whole community under the ſame conſtraint with the unhappy Clelia. However, the greater part thought it decent to attend her. Some went as her companions, ſome for exerciſe, ſome for amuſement, and the abbeſs herſelf as guardian of her train, and concerned in her ſociety's misfortunes.

What uſe Leander made of his diſcovery is not known. Perhaps, when he had been ſucceſsful in baniſhing the hypocrite, he did not ſhew himſelf very ſolicitous in his endeavours to reform the ſinner.

N. B. Written when I went to be dipped in the ſalt-water.

ESSAY XVI.

ON VANITY.

HISTORY preſerves the memory of empires and of ſtates, with which it neceſſarily interweaves that of heroes, kings, and ſtateſmen. Biography affords a place to the remarkable characters of private men. There are likewiſe other ſubordinate teſtimonies, which ſerve to perpetuate, at leaſt prolong, the memories of men, whoſe characters and ſtations give them no claim to a place in ſtory. For inſtance, when a perſon fails of making that figure in the world which he makes in the eyes of his own relations or himſelf, he is rarely dignified any farther than with his picture whilſt he is living, or with an inſcription upon his monument after his deceaſe. Inſcriptions have been ſo fallacious, that we begin to expect little from them beſide elegance of ſtile. To inveigh againſt the writers for their manifeſt want of truth, were as abſurd as to cenſure Homer for the beauties of an imaginary character: but even paintings, in order to gratify the vanity of the perſon who beſpeaks them, are taught, now-a-days, to flatter like epitaphs.

Falſehoods upon a tomb or monument may be intitled to ſome excuſe in the affection, the gratitude, and piety, of ſurviving friends. Even grief itſelf diſpoſes us to magnify the virtues of a relation, as viſible objects alſo appear larger through tears. But the man who, through an idle vanity ſuffers his features to be bely'd or exchanged for others of a more agreeable make, may with great truth be ſaid to loſe his property in the portrait. In like manner, if he encourage the painter to bely his dreſs, he ſeems

to

to transfer his claim to the man with whoſe ſtation his aſſumed trappings are connected.

I remember a bag-piper, whoſe phyſiognomy was ſo remarkable and familiar to a club he attended, that is was ageeed to have his picture placed over their chimney-piece. There was this remarkable in the fellow, that he choſe always to go barefoot, though he was daily offered a pair of ſhoes. However, when the painter had been ſo exact as to omit this little piece of dreſs, the fellow offered all he had in the world, the whole produce of three nights harmony, to have thoſe feet covered in the effigie, which he ſo much ſcorned to cover in the original. Perhaps he thought it a diſgrace to his inſtrument to be eternized in the hands of ſo much apparent poverty. However, when a perſon of low ſtation adorns himſelf with trophies to which he has no pretenſions to aſpire, he ſhould conſider the picture as actually telling a lye to poſterity.

The abſurdity of this is evident, if a perſon aſſume to himſelf a mitre, a blue garter, or a coronet, improperly; but ſtation may be falſified by other decorations, as well as theſe.

But I am driven into this grave diſcourſe, on a ſubject perhaps not very important, by a real fit of ſpleen. I this morning ſaw a fellow drawn in a night-gown of ſo rich a ſtuff, that the expence, had he purchaſed ſuch a one, would more than half have ruined him; and another coxcomb, ſeated by his painter in a velvet chair, who would have been ſurprized at the deference paid him, had he been offered a cuſhion.

ESSAY XVII.

AN ADVENTURE.

—— GAUDENT PRÆNOMINE MOLLES
AURICULÆ ——

IT is a very convenient piece of knowledge for a perſon upon a journey to know the compellations with which it is proper to addreſs thoſe he happens to meet by his way. Some accuracy here may be of uſe to him who would be well directed either in the length or the tendency of his road; or be freed from any itinerary difficulties incident to thoſe who do not know the country. It may not be indeed imprudent to accoſt a paſſenger with a title ſuperior to what he may appear to claim. This will ſeldom fail to diffuſe a wonderful alacrity in his countenance; and be, perhaps, a method of ſecuring you from any miſtake of greater importance.

I was led into theſe obſervations by ſome ſolicitudes I lately underwent, on account of my ignorance in theſe peculiarities. Being ſomewhat more verſed in books than I can pretend to be in the orders of men, it was my fortune to undertake a journey, which I was to perform by means of enquiries. I had paſſed a number of miles without any ſort of difficulty, by help of the manifold inſtructions that had been given me on my ſetting out. At length, being ſomething dubious concerning my way, I met a perſon, whom, from his night-cap and ſeveral domeſtic parts of dreſs, I deemed to be of the neighbourhood. His ſtation of life appeared to me to be what we call a gentleman-farmer; a ſort of ſubaltern character, in reſpect of which the world ſeems not invariably determined. It is, in ſhort, what King Charles the Second eſteemed the happieſt of all ſtations; ſuperior to the toilſome taſk and ridiculous dignity of conſtable; and as much inferior to the intricate practice and invidious deciſions of a juſtice of peace. 'Honeſt man,' ſays I, 'be ſo good as to inform me whether I 'am in the way of Mirlington?' He replied, with a ſort of ſurlineſs, that he knew nothing of the matter; and turned away with as much diſguſt as though I had called him rogue or raſcal.

I did not readily penetrate the cauſe of his diſpleaſure, but proceeded on my way, with hopes to find other means of information. The next I met was a young fellow, dreſſed in all the pride of rural ſpruceneſs; and beſide him walked a girl in a dreſs agreeable to that of her companion. As I preſumed him by no means averſe to appear conſiderable in the eyes of his miſtreſs, I ſuppoſed a compliment

compliment might not be disagreeable; and enquiring the road to Mirlington, addressed him by the name of 'Honesty.' The fellow, whether to shew his wit before his mistress, or whether he was displeased with my familiarity, I cannot tell, directed me to follow a part of my face, (which I was well assured could be no guide to me) and that other parts would follow of consequence.

The next I met, appeared, by his look and gait, to stand high in his own opinion. I therefore judged the best way of proceeding was to adapt my phrase to his own ideas; and, saluting him by the name of 'Sir,' desired to obtain some insight into my road. My gentleman, without hesitation, give me ample instructions for the rest of my journey.

I passed on, musing with myself, why an appellation relative to fortune should be preferred to one founded on merit; when I happened to behold a gentleman examining a sun-dial in his garden. 'Friend,' says I, 'will you tell me 'what a clock it is?' He made me no sort of answer; and seemed as much dissatisfied with my openness of temper as with the confidence I placed in his. The refusal of an answer in this case was not of much importance. I proceeded on my way, and happened to meet a very old woman, whom I determined to accost by the appellation of 'Dame;' and withal wished her a good-night.

But, alas! she seemed so little pleased with the manner of my address, that she returned me no manner of thanks for my kind wishes as to her repose. It is not clear whether my phrase was faulty, in regard to her dignity, or in respect of her age: but it is very probable she might conclude it an impropriety in respect of both.

I had by this time found the inconvenience of an utter ignorance in rural distinctions. The future part of my journey afforded me yet further means of conviction. I was exposed to the danger of three quicksands, by calling a girl 'Sweetheart,' instead of 'Madam;' and was within a foot of rushing down a precipice, by calling another 'Forsooth,' who might easily have told me how to avoid it.

In short, I found myself well or ill used, as I happened, or not, to suit my salutations to people's ideas of their own rank. Towards the last part of my stage, I was to pass a brook, so much swelled by land-floods, that the proper way through it was undistinguishable. A well dressed gentleman was passing a bridge on my left-hand. It was here of much importance for me to succeed in my enquiry. I was therefore meditating within myself which might be the most endearing of all appellations; and at last besought him to give me some instructions, under the name of 'Honest 'Friend.' He was not seemingly so much pleased as I assured myself he would be, and trudged onward without reply. After this, I had not gone many steps (out of the path, for so it proved) before I found myself and horse plunged headlong in the brook; and my late honest friend in a laughter at our downfall.

I made a shift, however, to recover both myself and horse; and, after a few more difficulties, arrived at the end of my journey. I have since made strict enquiry into the due application of such inferior titles, and may, perhaps, communicate them to you on some future occasion. In the mean time, you may, if you please, consider the vast importance of superior titles, when there is no one so inconsiderable but there is also a mind that it can influence.

When you reflect upon this subject, you will, perhaps, be less severe on your friend ———, who, you tell me, is now trafficking for this species of dignity.

Learn to be wise, then, from others harm; and do not forget to observe decorum, on every occasion that you may have to address him for the future. Pretend no more at the close of your epistle to be his faithful servant, much less his affectionate one. Tender your services with great respect, if you do not chuse to do it with profound veneration. He will certainly have no more to do with sincerity and truth. Remember—

Male si palpere, recalcitrat.

ESSAY XVIII.

ON MODESTY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHEN a man of genius does not print, he diſcovers himſelf by nothing more than by his abilities in diſpute. However, let him ſhew ſolidity in his opinions, together with eaſe, elegance, and vivacity, in his expreſſions; yet, if an impudent face be found to baffle him, he ſhall be judged inferior in other reſpects. I mean, he will grow cheap in mixed company: for as to ſelect judges, they will form their opinions by another ſcale; with theſe, a ſingle epiſtle, penned with propriety, will more effectually prove his wit than an hundred defects in his converſation will demonſtrate the reverſe.

It is true, there is nothing diſplays a genius, I mean a quickneſs of genius, more than a diſpute; as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's luſtre. But perhaps the odds is much againſt the man of taſte in this particular.

Baſhfulneſs is more frequently connected with good ſenſe, than we find aſſurance: and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright ſtupidity. On this account, the man of genius has as much the advantage of his antagoniſt, as a race-horſe, carrying a ſmall weight, has over his rival that bears a larger: modeſty, like the weight to which I allude, not ſuffering it's owner to exert his real ſtrength, which effrontery is allowed to do, without lett or impediment.

It may be urged, and juſtly enough, that it is common to be partial to the modeſt man; and that diffidence makes good amends for any reſtraint it lays us under, by the prejudice it gives every hearer in our favour. But, indeed, this can only happen where it meets with the moſt ingenuous judges. Otherwiſe, a laugh will carry the day, with which the ignorant ſide is generally beſt accommodated.

In order to put theſe antagoniſts upon a ſomewhat more equal footing. I have invented the following inſtrument; for the ſole ſtructure and ſale of which, I am not without hopesof procuring a patent. What I mean, is an artificial laughter. There are few ſo little converſant in toys, but muſt have ſeen inſtruments mechanically framed to counterfeit the voices of different birds. The quail-pipe is brought to ſuch perfection as even to delude the very ſpecies. The cuckow has been mimicked with no leſs accuracy. Would it not then be an eaſy matter to repreſent the laugh of this empty tribe, which has in itſelf ſomething artificial; and is not more affected than it is particular? For the convenience of the perſon that bears it, it's dimenſions ſhould be ſo contrived as that it might be played on in his pocket. Does it not ſeem feaſible, that a laughter of this kind may be brought to anſwer every purpoſe of that noiſe which it reſembles? If there be occaſion for an expletive, let the owner ſeek it in his fobb; as his antagoniſt would find his account in a loud oath or an empty pun. If there be need of a good ſounding cadence at the cloſe of a common period, it may not be amiſs to harmonize a ſentence by what may be called a finiſhing ſtroke. This inſtrument is ſo contrived as to produce all the variety of an human laugh; and this variation is to be regulated, not by the nature of your ſubject, nor the wit or humour of a rapartee, but by the diſpoſition of the company, and the proper minute for ſuch an interlude. But to become a maſter of the ſaid machine, let the candidate for applauſe frequent the company of vociferous diſputants, among whom he may ſoon learn how to perform a converſation.

One or two of theſe inſtruments I have already finiſhed, though not indeed to the perfection at which I expect they may ſoon arrive. A gentleman viſited me t'other day, who has the juſteſt claim that can be to the uſe of them; having nothing in his character that can obſcure the greateſt merit, but the greateſt modeſty. I communicated my invention, deſiring him to make trial of it on the firſt occaſion. He did ſo; and when I ſaw him next, gave me leave to publiſh the following account of it's efficacy in my next advertiſement. 'The firſt time 'I employed it,' ſaid my friend 'was 'in a ſort of controverſy with a beau; 'who had contrived means, by the uſe

'of

'of his ſnuff-box, to ſupply both want 'of language and of thought. In this 'manner he prolonged his argument; 'and really to the company, which con-'ſiſted of ladies, diſcovered more ſaga-'city without thinking, than I could do 'by it's aſſiſtance. I bethought myſelf 'immediately of your inſtrument, and 'had recourſe to it. I obſerved in what 'part of his diſcourſe he moſt employed 'his fingers, and had ſuddenly recourſe 'to mine, with equal emphaſis and ſig-'nificancy. The art was not diſcovered, 'ere I had routed my antagoniſt; hav-'ing ſeated myſelf in a dark corner, 'where my operations were not diſ-'cernible. I obſerved, that as he found 'himſelf more cloſely preſſed, he grew 'more and more aſſiduous in his appli-'cation to his ſnuff-box, much as an 'otter cloſely purſued is forced to throw 'up bubbles that ſhew his diſtreſs. I 'therefore diſcovered gradually leſs and 'leſs occaſion for ſpeaking; and for 'thinking, none at all. I played only a 'flouriſh in anſwer to the argument at 'his finger's ends; and, after a while, 'found him as mortal in this part as in 'any other. When his cauſe was juſt 'expiring, after a very long purſuit, 'and many fruitleſs turnings and eva-'ſions in the courſe of it, I ſounded my 'inſtrument, with as much alacrity as 'a huntſman does his horn on the death 'of an hare.

'The next whom I engaged was a more 'formidable diſputant; and I own, with 'a ſenſe of gratitude, that your inſtru-'ment alone could render me a match 'for him. His ſtrength of argument 'was his ſtrength of lungs; and he was, 'unqueſtionably, an able antagoniſt. 'However, if your machine put me 'upon a par with him, I think I may 'ſay, without vanity, that, in point of 'reaſon, I had the upper hand. I ſhall 'only add, that as it was habitual for 'him to anſwer arguments by vocife-'ration, ſo it became needleſs for me 'to give him any anſwer of a better 'kind.'

Thus far my friend. I do not queſtion but there will appear artiſts, that ſhall undertake to inſtruct the diffident, the ſubmiſſive, and the baſhful, how to perform the whole gamut of oratorical and riſible muſic: and as there is a kind of humourous laughter, which draws all others into it's own vortex, I need not here aſſert that I would have this branch very much inculcated.

Neither is this inſtrument of importance in diſpute alone, or controverſy; but wherever one man's faculties are more prone to laughter than another's. Triſles will burſt one man's ſides, which will not diſturb the features of another; and a laugh one cannot join, is almoſt as irkſome as a lamentation. 'Tis like a peal rung after a wedding; where a whole pariſh ſhall be ſtunned with noiſe, becauſe they want that occaſion to rejoice, which the perſons at leaſt imagine to be their lot that occaſioned it. The ſounds are pleaſing to their ears, who find them conformable to their own ideas; but thoſe who are not in temper, or unconcerned, find them a ſtupefying repetition.

When, therefore, my mind is not in tune with another's, what ſtrikes his, will not vibrate on mine. All I then have to do, is to counterfeit a laugh: which is an operation as artificial, as the machine I have been deſcribing.

ESSAY XIX.

THE HISTORY OF DON PEDRO ****

THE actions of our lives, even thoſe we call moſt important, ſeem as much ſubject to trifles as our very lives themſelves. We frame very notable projects in imagination, and promiſe to ourſelves an equal term of life. 'Tis, however, in the power of the minuteſt accident, to ſhorten the one, and diſconcert the other. 'Tis with mankind as with certain fire-engines, whoſe motion may be ſtopped in the midſt of it's rapidity, by the interpoſition of ſtraw in a particular part of them.

The following tranſlation from the original Spaniſh will ſufficiently illuſtrate the foregoing aſſertion. Don Pedro **** was one of the principal grandees of his age and country. He had a genius equal to his birth, and a diſpoſition remarkably contemplative. 'Twas his cuſtom, on this account, to retire from the world at ſtated periods, and to in-

dulge himſelf in all the mazes of a fine imagination. It happened, as he one day ſat in his ſtudy, that he fixed his eye on a neighbouring ſpider. The moſt trivial object (if any natural object can be termed ſo) ſerved him frequently for the foundation of ſome moral and ſublime reflection. He ſurveyed the creature attentively, and indulged the bias of his thought, till he was loſt in the excurſions of a profound reverie. The curious workmanſhip of this unreguarded animal brought at once into his mind the whole art of fortification. He obſerved the deficiency of human ſkill, and that no cunning could have contrived her ſo proper an habitation. He found that no violence could effect the extremities of her lines, but what was immediately perceptible, and liable to alarm her at the center. He obſerved the road by which ſhe ſallied forth, ſerved to convey intelligence from without, at the ſame time that it added ſtrength and ſtability to the work within. He was at once ſurpriſed and pleaſed with an object which, although common, he happened not to have beheld in the ſame light, or with the ſame attention. From this inſtant he bent his thoughts upon the advancement of military fortification: and he often would declare it was this trivial incident that gave him a reliſh for that ſtudy, which he afterwards purſued with ſuch application and ſucceſs.

He ſpent, in ſhort, ſo much time upon the attainment of this ſcience, that he grew as capable of executing any part of it, as ſpeculation alone could render him. Nothing wanted now, but practice, to complete the fame of his abilities. That, in ſhort, was his next purſuit. He became deſirous of experiencing, what had been ſo ſucceſsful in imagination, and to make thoſe mural ſallies, which had been attended there with victory. To this end he had little to do, but excite the ambition of his young monarch; to enforce, by teſtimony of his friends, his qualifications for the poſt he ſought; and, on the firſt delivery of his petition, to obtain preferment from the king.

This happened to be a time of the profoundeſt tranquillity: little agreeable to a perſon eager of glory, furniſhed with ſkill, and conſcious of abilities. Such was this ingenious nobleman. He well knew the ambition of princes, and of his monarch in particular. But he was not acquainted with his own. That imperious and ſubtle paſſion is often moſt predominant when 'tis leaſt perceived. When it once prevails in any great degree, we find our reaſon grow ſubſervient, and, inſtead of checking or contradicting, it ſtoops to flatter and to authorize it. Inſtead of undeceiving, ſhe confirms us in our error; and even levels the mounds, and ſmooths the obſtructions, which it is her natural province to interpoſe. This was the caſe of Don Pedro. The delicacy of his taſte encreaſed his ſenſibility; and his ſenſibility made him more a ſlave. The mind of man, like the finer parts of matter, the more delicate it is, naturally admits the more deep and the more viſible impreſſions. The pureſt ſpirits are the ſooneſt apt to take flame. Let us therefore be the more candid to him, on account of the vivacity of his paſſions, ſeduced, as indeed he was, into very unwarrantable ſchemes.

He had, in brief, conceived a project, to give his maſter an univerſal monarchy. He had calculated every article with the utmoſt labour and preciſion, and intended, within a few days, to preſent his project to the king.

Spain was then in a ſtate of affluence; had a large army on foot; together with means and opportunities of raiſing an immenſe one. 'Twere impoſſible to anſwer for the poſſible events that might deſtroy their hopes of ſuch an enterprize. Difficulty often attends the execution of things the moſt feaſible and well contrived in theory. But whoever was acquainted with the author of this project, knew the poſture of affairs in Europe at that time, the ambition of the prince, and the many circumſtances that conſpired to favour it, might have thought the project would have been agreed to; put in practice, and, without ſome particular interpoſition of fortune, been attended with ſucceſs—But Fortune did not put herſelf to any particular trouble about the matter.

Don Pedro, big with vaſt deſigns, was one day walking in his fields. He was promiſed next morning an audience of the king. He was preparing himſelf for a converſation, which might prove of ſo much conſequence to all mankind; when walking thoughtfully along, and regardleſs of his path, his foot happened to ſtumble and to overturn an ant's-neſt. He caſt his eyes upon the ground, to ſee

the

the occaſion of his miſtake, where he ſpyed the little animals in the moſt miſerable confuſion. He had the delicacy of ſentiment to be really ſorry for what he had done; and, putting himſelf in their condition, began to reflect upon the conſequence. It might be an age, to them, ere they could recover their tranquillity. He viewed them with a ſort of ſmile, to find the anxiety they underwent for ſuch periſhable habitations. Yet he conſidered that his contempt was only the effect of his own ſuperiority; and that there might be ſome created beings to whom his own ſpecies muſt appear as trifling. His remark did not ceaſe here. He conſidered his future enterprize, with an eye to ſuch a race of beings. He found it muſt appear to them in a light as diſadvantageous, as the ambition and vain glory of an ant would, to himſelf. 'How ridiculous,' he ſaid, 'muſt this republic appear to 'me, could I diſcern it's actions, as it 'has probably many, that are analogous to thoſe of human nature! Suppoſe them at continual variance about 'the property of a grain of ſand. Suppoſe one, that had acquired a few 'ſands more to his portion—as alſo one 'grain of wheat, and one ſmall particle 'of barley flour—ſhould think himſelf 'qualified to tyrannize over his equals, 'and to lord it, uncontroiled. Conſider him, on this account, not contented 'to make uſe of the numerous legs with 'which nature has ſupplied him, borne 'aloft by a couple of ſlaves within the 'hollow of an huſk of wheat, five or ſix 'others, at the ſame time, attending ſolemnly upon the proceſſion. Suppoſe, 'laſtly, that among this people, the 'prime miniſter ſhould perſuade the reſt 'to levy war upon a neighbouring co'lony; and this in order to be ſtiled the 'ſovereign of two hillocks, inſtead of 'one; while perhaps their preſent con'dition leaves them nothing to wiſh 'beſides ſuperfluities. At the ſame 'time, it is in the power of the moſt in'conſiderable among mankind, nay, of 'any ſpecies of animals ſuperior to 'their own, to deſtroy at once the mi'niſter and people all together: this is 'doubtleſs very ridiculous; yet this is 'doubtleſs my own caſe, in reſpect to 'many ſubordinate beings, and very 'certainly of the Supreme one. Fare'wel, then, ye air-built citadels! Fare'wel, viſions of unſolid glory! Don 'Pedro will ſeek no honour of ſo equi'vocal an acceptation, as to degrade his 'character to a ſuperior ſpecies, in pro'portion as it exalts him before his 'own.'

See here a juſt concluſion! In ſhort, he found it ſo fairly drawn, as immediately to drop his project, leave the army, and retire: of which whimſical relation it may be well enough obſerved, That a ſpider had enſlaved the world, had not an ant obſtructed his deſign.

ESSAY XX.

UPON ENVY.

TO A FRIEND, R. G.

WHENCE is it, my friend, that I feel it impoſſible to envy you although, hereafter, your qualifications may make whole millions do ſo? For, believe me, when I affirm, that I deem it much more ſuperfluous, to wiſh you honours to gratify your ambition, than to wiſh you ambition enough to make your honours ſatisfactory.

It ſeems an hard caſe, that envy ſhould be the conſequence of merit, at the ſame time that ſcorn ſo naturally attends the want of it. 'Tis however in ſome meaſure, perhaps, an unavoidable (and perhaps in ſome ſenſe an uſeful) paſſion, in all the moſt heroic natures; where, refined through certain ſtrainers, it takes the name of emulation. 'Tis a pain ariſing in our breaſts, on contemplation of the ſuperior advantages of another: and it's tendency is truly good, under ſome certain regulations.

All honour very evidently depends upon compariſon; and conſequently, the more numerous are our ſuperiors, the ſmaller portion of it falls to our ſhare. Conſidered relatively, we are dwarfs, or giants; though, conſidered abſolutly, we are neither. However the love of this relative grandeur is made a part of our natures; and the uſe of emulation is to excite our diligence in purſuit of power, for the ſake of beneficence. The inſtances of it's perverſion are obvious to every

every one's obſervation. A vicious mind, inſtead of it's own emolument, ſtudies the debaſement of his ſuperior. A perſon, to pleaſe one of this caſt, muſt needs diveſt himſelf of all uſeful qualities; and in order to be beloved, diſcover nothing that is truly amiable. One may very ſafely fix our eſteem on thoſe whom we hear ſome people depreciate. Merit is to them as uniformly odious, as the ſun itſelf to the birds of darkneſs. An author, to judge of his own merit, may fix his eye upon this tribe of men; and ſuffer his ſatisfaction to ariſe in due proportion to their diſcontent. Their diſapprobation will ſufficiently influence every generous boſom in his favour; and I would as implicitly give my applauſe to one whom they pull to pieces, as the inhabitants of Pegu worſhip thoſe that have been devoured by apes.

'Tis another perverſion of this paſſion, though of a leſs enormous nature, when it merely ſtimulates us to rival others in points of no intrinſic worth. To equal others in the uſeleſs parts of learning; to purſue riches for the ſake of an equipage as brilliant; to covet an equal knowledge of a table; to vie in jockeyſhip, or cunning at a bett. Theſe, and many other rivalſhips, anſwer not the genuine purpoſes of emulation.

I believe the paſſion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and others excellencies. We behold a man poſſeſſed of ſome particular advantage, and we immediately reflect upon it's deficiency in ourſelves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accompliſhments; when our mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the ſcale. Should we aſk our own boſoms whether we would change ſituations altogether, I fancy ſelf-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition. But if our ſentiments remain the ſame after ſuch an examination, all we can juſtly endeavour is our own real advancement. To meditate his detriment either in fortune, power, or reputation, at the ſame time that it is infamous, has often a tendency to depreſs ourſelves. But let us confine our emulation to points of real worth; to riches, power, or knowledge, only that we may rival others in beneficence.

ESSAY XXI.

A VISION.

INGENIOUS was the device of thoſe celebrated worthies, who, for the more effectual promulgation of their well-grounded maxims, firſt pretended to divine inſpiration. Peace be to their manes! May the turf lie lightly on their breaſt, and the verdure over their grave be as perpetual as their memories! Well knew they, queſtionleſs, that a proceeding of this nature muſt afford an excuſe to their modeſty, as well as add a weight to their inſtructions. For, from the beginning of time, if we may believe the hiſtories of the beſt repute, man has ever found a delight in giving credit to ſurprizing lies. There was indeed neceſſary a degree of credit, previous to this delight; and there was as neceſſary a delight, in order to enforce any degree of credit. But ſo it was, that the pleaſure roſe, in a proportion to the wonder; and if the love of wonder was but gratified, no matter whether the tale was founded upon a witch or an Egeria; on a rat, a pigeon, the pummel of a ſword, a bloated ſibyl, or a three foot ſtool.

Of all writers that bear any reſemblance to theſe originals, thoſe who approach the neareſt, are ſuch as deſcribe their extraordinary dreams and viſions. Of oſtentation we may not, peradventure, accuſe them, who claim to themſelves no other than the merit of ſpectators. Of want of abilities we muſt not cenſure them; when we are given to know that their imagination had no more part in the affair, than a whited wall has in thoſe various figures which ſome crafty artiſt repreſents thereon.

The firſt meditation of a ſolitary, is the behaviour of men in active life, 'Hapleſs ſpecies,' I cry'd, 'how very 'groſsly art thou miſtaken! How very 'ſupine, while youth permits thee to 'gain the prize of virtue by reſtraint! 'How very reſolute when thine age 'leaves nothing to reſtrain thee! Thou 'giveſt a looſe to thine inclinations, 'till

'still they lose their very being; and, 'like a lamp overwhelmed with oil, are 'extinguished by indulgence. What 'folly to dream of virtue, when there 'is no longer room for self-denial; or, 'when the enemy expires by sickness, 'to demand the honour of a triumph!'— Musing upon this subject, I fell into a profound slumber: and the vision with which it furnished me, shall supply materials for this essay.

I was, methought, transported into a winding valley, on each side or whose area, so far as my eye could see, were held up (in the manner of a picture) all the pleasing objects either of art or nature. Hills rose one beyond another, crowned with trees, or adorned with edifices; broken rocks contrasted with lawns, and foaming rivers poured headlong over them; gilded spires enlivened even the sunshine; and lonesome ruins, by the side of woods, gave a solemnity to the shade. It would be endless, or rather impossible, to give an idea of the vast variety. It seemed as though people, of whatever inclinations, might here meet with their favourite object.

While I stood amazed, and even confounded, at so astonishing a landskip; an old man approached towards me, and offered his assistance in alleviating my surprize. 'You observe,' says he, 'in the middle path, a train of sprightly 'female pilgrims*, conducted by a ma-'tron† of a graver cast. She is habited, 'as you may observe, in a robe far 'more plain and simple than that of 'any amidst her followers. It is her 'province to restrain her pupils, that 'the objects glittering on each side may 'not seduce them to make excursions, 'from which they scarce ever find their 'right way again. You may not, per-'haps, suspect the gulphs and preci-'pices that lie intermixed amidst a sce-'nery so delightful to the eye. You 'see, indeed, at a considerabe distance, 'the gilt dome of a temple raised on co-'lumns of the whitest marble. I must 'inform you, that within this temple 'resides a lady ‡, weaving wreaths of 'immortal amaranth for that worthy 'matron, if she exert her authority; 'and as their obedience is more or less 'entire, she has also garlands of infe-'rior lustre to recompense the ladies in 'her train.

'Your own sagacity,' added he, 'will supply the place of farther in-'structions;' and then vanished in an instant.

The space before me, as it appeared, was crossed by four successive rivers. Over these were thrown as many bridges, and beyond each of these streams the ground seemed to vary it's degree of lustre, as much as if it had lain under a different climate. On the side of each of these rivers appeared, as I thought, a receptacle for travellers; so that the journey seemed to be portioned into four distinct stages. It is possible that these were meant to represent the periods of a man's life, which may be distinguished by the names of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age.

During the first stage, our travellers proceeded without much disturbance. Their excursions were of no greater extent than to crop a primrose, or a daisy, that grew on the way side: and in these their governess indulged them. She gave them but few checks, and they afforded her but little occasion. But when they arrived at the second period, the case then was greatly altered. The young ladies grew visibly enamoured of the beauties on each side; and the governess began to feel a consciousness of her duty to restrain them. They petitioned clamorously to make one short excursion, and met with a decent refusal. One of them, that visibly shewed herself the greatest vixen and romp§ amonst them, had a thousand arts and stratagems to circumvent her well meaning governess. I must here mention, what I remarked afterwards, that some of the pupils felt greater attractions in one stage; and some in another. And the scene before them being well variegated with mossy banks and purling streams, frisking lambs and piping shepherds; inspired a longing that was inexpressible, to one that seemed of an amorous complexion. She requested to make a short digression; pointed to the band of shepherds dancing; and, as I observed, presented a glass, through which the matron might distinctly view them. The governess applied the glass, and it was wonderful to trace the change it effected. She, who before had with much constancy opposed the prayers of her petitioner, now began to lean towards her demands;

* The Passions. † Reason. ‡ Virtue. § Love.

and,

and, as if she herself were not quite indifferent to the scene of pleasure she had beheld, grew remiss in her discipline, softened the language of dissent; and with a gentle reprimand, suffered her pupil to elope. After this, however, she winked her eyes; that she might not at least bear testimony to the step she did not approve. When the lady had gratified her curiosity, she returned for the present; but with an appetite more inflamed, and more impatient to repeat her frolic. The governess appeared uneasy, and to repent of her own compliance; and reason good she had, considering the confidence it gave her pupil, and the weight it took from her own authority.

They were not passed far from the second stage of their journey, ere they all determined to rebel, and submit to the tyranny of their leader no longer.

Another now took the lead; and seizing an embroidered handkerchief, completely hood-winked the directress. All now was tumult, anarchy, disagreement and confusion. They led their guide along, blind-fold, not without proposals of downright murder. They soon lost sight of the regular path, and strode along with amazing rapidity. I should, however, except some few*, who, being of a complexion naturally languid, and thus deprived of their protectress, had neither constancy to keep the road, nor spirit enough to stray far from it. These found the utmost of their inclinations gratified, in treasuring up shells from the banks of the river, scooping fossils from the rocks, or preserving plants that grew in the valley. A moth or butterfly afforded them a chace, and a grub or beetle was a suitable companion. But to return to the vagabonds.

The lady that performed the feat of blinding her governess, for a time, bore the chief rule; and held the rest in a state of servitude †. She seemed to be indeed formed for that power and grandeur, which was her delight; being of a stature remarkably tall, with an air of dignity in her countenance. Not but others would sometimes insist upon some temporary gratification. As they shaped their way to a great city, one ‡ would loll and loiter on a bed of roses; another would join the dance of shepherds, and sometimes retire with § one into the covert. A ‖ third would not move a step farther, till she had gathered some ore that was washed from the mountains. When they entered the city, their dissipation was yet more observable. One** intoxicated herself with cordials; another †† went in quest of lace and equipage. The lady ‡‡, however, at this time the most enterprising, and who (as I mentioned before) had given such a turn to their affairs, discovered a strange fondness herself for lawn and ermine, embroidered stars and golden collars. However difficult it seemed to reach them, or how little necessary soever they seemed to happiness, these alone engaged her attention; and to these alone her hopes aspired. Nay, she went so far as in failure of these, to resolve on misery and wilful wretchedness.

She at length succeeded, at least so far as to find how little they enhanced her happiness; and her former compeers, having ruined their constitutions, were once again desirous to have their queen reign over them. In short, their loyalty regained the ascendant; insomuch that with one consent they removed the bandage from her eyes, and vowed to obey her future directions.

She promised to procure them all the happiness that was consistent with their present state; and advised them all to follow her towards the path they had forsaken.

Our travellers, in a little time after this, passed over the bridge that introduced them to their closing stage. The subjects, very orderly, repentant and demissive; the governess, more rigid and imperious than ever. The former withered, decrepid, languishing; the latter, in greater vigour, and more beautiful than before. Time appeared to produce in her a very opposite effect to that it wrought in her companions. She seemed, indeed, no more that easy ductile creature, insulted and borne away by the whims of her companions. She appeared more judicious in the commands she gave, and more rigorous in the execution. In short, both her own activity, and the supine lethargy of those

* The Virtuoso-passion. † Ambition. ‡ Indolence. § Gallantry.
‖ Avarice. ** Ebriety. †† Pride and Vanity. ‡‡ Ambition.

whom

whom ſhe conducted, united to make way for her unlimited authority. Now, indeed, a more limited rule might have ſecured obedience, and maintained a regularity. The ladies were but little ſtruck with the glare of objects on each ſide the way. One alone I muſt except, whom I beheld look wiſhfully, with a retorted eye, towards the golden ore waſhed down by the torrents. The governeſs repreſented, in the ſtrongeſt terms, that theſe materials could not be imported into the realms they were about to enter. That, were this even the caſe, they could be there of no importance. However, ſhe had not extirpated the bias of this craving dame, when they approached the temple to which I formerly alluded.

The temple ſtood upon a lofty hill, half encircled with trees of never-fading verdure. Between the milk-white columns (which were of the Doric order, the baſes gilt, as alſo the capitals) a blaze of glory iſſued of ſuch ſuperior luſtre, that none beſide the governeſs was able to approach it. She, indeed, with a dejected countenance, drew near unto the goddeſs; who gently waved her hand in the way of ſalutation.

The matron ſeemed leſs dazzled, than delighted, with her exceſſive beauty. She accoſted her with reverence, and with much diffidence began to mention their pretenſion to her favour. 'She muſt own, 'ſhe had been very remiſs in the beginning of her government; ſhe hoped 'it would be attributed to inexperience 'in the ſubtile wiles of her fellow travellers. She flattered herſelf, that her 'ſeverity towards the concluſion of her 'journey might in ſome ſort make atonement for her miſbehaviour in the beginning. Laſtly, that ſhe ſometimes 'found it impoſſible to hear the dictates 'of the goddeſs amid the clamours of 'her pupils, and the din of their perſuaſions.

To this the goddeſs made reply—

'You have heard,' ſaid ſhe, 'no 'doubt, that the favours I beſtow, are 'by no means conſiſtent with a ſtate of 'inactivity. The only time when you 'were allowed an opportunity to de'ſerve them, was the time when your 'pupils were the moſt refractory and 'perverſe. The honours you expect in 'my court are proportioned to the diffi'culty of a good undertaking. May 'you, hereafter, partake them, in re'ward of your more vigorous conduct: 'for the preſent, you are little entitled 'to any recompence from me. As to 'your pupils, I obſerve, they have 'paſſed ſentence upon themſelves.'

At this inſtant of time the bell rung for ſupper, and awaked me: I found the gardener by my ſide, prepared to plant a parcel of trees; and that I had ſlumbered away the hours, in which I ſhould have given him ſuitable directions.

ESSAY XXII.

UNCONNECTED THOUGHTS ON GARDENING.

GARDENING may be divided into three ſpecies—kitchen-gardening—parterre-gardening—and landſkip, or pictureſque-gardening: which latter is the ſubject intended in the following pages. It conſiſts in pleaſing the imagination by ſcenes of grandeur, beauty, or variety. Convenience merely has no ſhare here, any farther than as it pleaſes the imagination.

Perhaps the diviſion of the pleaſures of imagination, according as they are ſtruck by the great, the various, and the beautiful, may be accurate enough for my preſent purpoſe: why each of them affects us with pleaſure may be traced in other authors. See Burke, Hutchinſon, Gerard, the Theory of agreeable Senſations, &c *.

There ſeem however to be ſome objects, which afford a pleaſure not reducible to either of the foregoing heads. A ruin, for inſtance, may be neither new to us, nor majeſtic, nor beautiful, yet afford that pleaſing melancholy which proceeds from a reflection on decayed magnificence. For this reaſon, an able gardener ſhould avail himſelf of objects, perhaps, not very ſtriking; if they ſerve to connect ideas, that convey reflections of the pleaſing kind.

* Garden-ſcenes may perhaps be divided into the ſublime, the beautiful, and the melancholy or penſive; to which laſt I know not but we may aſſign a middle place betwixt the former two, as being in ſome ſort compoſed of both. See Burke's Sublime.

Objects ſhould indeed be leſs calculated to ſtrike the immediate eye, than the judgment or well-formed imagination; as in painting.

It is no objection to the pleaſure of novelty, that it makes an ugly object more diſagreeable. It is enough that it produces a ſuperiority betwixt things in other reſpects equal. It ſeems, on ſome occaſions, to go even farther. Are there not broken rocks and rugged grounds, to which we can hardly attribute either beauty or grandeur; and yet, when introduced near an extent of lawn, impart a pleaſure equal to more ſhapely ſcenes? Thus a ſeries of lawn, though ever ſo beautiful, may ſatiate and cloy, unleſs the eye paſſes to them from wilder ſcenes; and then they acquire the grace of novelty.

Variety appears to me to derive good part of it's effect from novelty; as the eye, paſſing from one form or colour, to a form or colour of a different kind, finds a degree of novelty in it's preſent object, which affords immediate ſatisfaction.

Variety however, in ſome inſtances, may be carried to ſuch exceſs as to loſe it's whole effect. I have obſerved ceilings ſo crammed with ſtucco ornaments, that, although of the moſt different kinds, they have produced an uniformity. A ſufficient quantity of undecorated ſpace is neceſſary to exhibit ſuch decorations to advantage.

Ground ſhould firſt be conſidered with an eye to it's peculiar character; whether it be the grand, the ſavage, the ſprightly, the melancholy, the horrid, or the beautiful. As one or other of theſe characters prevail, one may ſomewhat ſtrengthen it's effect, by allowing every part ſome denomination, and then ſupporting it's title by ſuitable appendages. For inſtance, The lover's walk may have aſſignation ſeats, with proper mottoes—urns to faithful lovers—trophies, garlands, &c. by means of art.

What an advantage muſt ſome Italian ſeats derive from the circumſtance of being ſituate on ground mentioned in the claſſics? And even in England, wherever a park or garden happens to have been the ſcene of any event in hiſtory, one would ſurely avail one's ſelf of that circumſtance, to make it more intereſting to the imagination. Mottoes ſhould allude to it; columns, &c. record it; verſes moralize upon it; and curioſity receive it's ſhare of pleaſure.

In deſigning a houſe and gardens, it is happy when there is an opportunity of maintaining a ſubordination of parts; the houſe ſo luckily placed as to exhibit a view of the whole deſign. I have ſometimes thought that there was room for it to reſemble an epic or dramatic poem. It is rather to be wiſhed than required, that the more ſtriking ſcenes may ſucceed thoſe which are leſs ſo.

Taſte depends much upon temper. Some prefer Tibullus to Virgil, and Virgil to Homer—Hagley to Perſfield, and Perſfield to the Welſh mountains. This occaſions the different preferences that are given to ſituations. A garden ſtrikes us moſt, where the grand and the pleaſing ſucceed, not intermingle with, each other.

I believe, however, the ſublime has generally a deeper effect than the merely beautiful.

I uſe the words Landſkip and Proſpect, the former as expreſſive of home ſcenes, the latter of diſtant images. Proſpects ſhould take in the blue diſtant hills; but never ſo remotely, that they be not diſtinguiſhable from clouds. Yet this mere extent is what the vulgar value.

Landſkip ſhould contain variety enough to form a picture upon canvas; and this is no bad teſt, as I think the landſkip painter is the gardener's beſt deſigner. The eye requires a ſort of balance here; but not ſo as to encroach upon probable nature. A wood, or hill, may balance a houſe or obeliſk; for exactneſs would be diſpleaſing. We form our notions from what we have ſeen; and though, could we comprehend the univerſe, we might perhaps find it uniformly regular; yet the portions that we ſee of it, habituate our fancy to the contrary.

The eye ſhould always look rather down upon water: cuſtomary nature makes this requiſite. I know nothing more ſenſibly diſpleaſing than Mr. T—'s flat ground betwixt his terras and his water.

It is not eaſy to account for the fondneſs of former times for ſtraight-lined avenues to their houſes; ſtraight-lined walks through their woods; and, in ſhort, every kind of ſtraight line; where the foot is to travel over, what the eye has done before. This circumſtance is one objection. Another, ſomewhat of the ſame kind, is the repetition of the ſame object, tree after tree, for a leng-

of way together. A third is, that this identity is purchaſed by the loſs of that variety, which the natural country ſupplies every where, in a greater or leſs degree. To ſtand ſtill and ſurvey ſuch avenues, may afford ſome ſlender ſatisfaction through the change derived from perſpective; but to move on continually and find no change of ſcene in the leaſt attendant on our change of place, muſt give actual pain to a perſon of taſte. For ſuch an one to be condemned to paſs along the famous viſta * from Moſcow to Peterſburg, or that other from Agra to Lahor in India, muſt be as diſagreeable a ſentence, as to be condemned to labour at the gallies. I conceived ſome idea of the ſenſation he muſt feel, from walking but a few minutes, immured, betwixt Lord D—'s high ſhorn yew-hedges; which run exactly parallel, at the diſtance of about ten feet; and are contrived perfectly to exclude all kind of objects whatſoever.

When a building, or other object, has been once viewed from it's proper point, the foot ſhould never travel to it by the ſame path which the eye has travelled over before. Loſe the object, and draw nigh, obliquely.

The ſide-trees in viſtas ſhould be ſo circumſtanced as to afford a probability that they grew by nature.

Ruinated ſtructures appear to derive their power of pleaſing from the irregularity of ſurface, which is VARIETY; and the latitude they afford the imagination, to conceive an enlargement of their dimenſions, or to recollect any events or circumſtances appertaining to their priſtine grandeur, ſo far as concerns grandeur and ſolemnity. The breaks in them ſhould be as bold and abrupt as poſſible. If mere beauty be aimed at, (which however is not their chief excellence) the waving line, with more eaſy tranſitions, will become of greater importance. Events relating to them may be ſimulated by numberleſs little artifices; but it is ever to be remembered, that high hills and ſudden deſcents are moſt ſuitable to caſtles; and fertile vales, near wood and water, moſt imitative of the uſual ſituation for abbeys and religious houſes; large oaks, in particular, are eſſential to theſe latter;

Whoſe branching arms, and reverend height,
Admit a dim religious light.

A cottage is a pleaſing object, partly on account of the variety it may introduce; on account of the tranquillity that ſeems to reign there; and perhaps (I am ſomewhat afraid) on account of the pride of human nature:

Longi alterius ſpectare laborem.

In a ſcene preſented to the eye, objects ſhould never lie ſo much to the right or left, as to give it any uneaſineſs in the examination. Sometimes, however, it may be better to admit valuable objects even with this diſadvantage. They ſhould elſe ever be ſeen beyond a certain angle. The eye muſt be eaſy, before it can be pleaſed.

No mere ſlope from one ſide to the other can be agreeable ground; the eye requires a balance, i. e. a degree of uniformity; but this may be otherwiſe effected, and the rule ſhould be underſtood with ſome limitation.

—Each alley has it's brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

Let us examine what may be ſaid in favour of that regularity which Mr. Pope expoſes. Might he not ſeemingly as well object to the diſpoſition of an human face, becauſe it has an eye or cheek that is the very picture of it's companion? Or does not Providence, who has obſerved this regularity in the external ſtructure of our bodies and diſregarded it within, ſeem to conſider it as a beauty? The arms, the limbs, and the ſeveral parts of them correſpond, but it is not the ſame caſe with the thorax and the abdomen. I believe one is generally ſolicitous for a kind of balance in a landſkip; and, if I am not miſtaken, the painters generally furniſh one: a building for inſtance on one ſide, contraſted by a group of trees, a large oak, or a riſing hill, on the other. Whence then does this taſte proceed, but from the love we bear to regularity in perfection? After all, in regard to gardens, the ſhape of ground, the diſpoſition of trees, and the figure of water, muſt be ſacred to nature; and no forms muſt be allowed that make a diſcovery of art.

All trees have a character analogous to that of men: oaks are in all reſpects the perfect image of the manly character: in former times I ſhould have

* In Monteſquieu, on Taſte.

ſaid, and in preſent times I think I am authoriſed to ſay, the Britiſh one: As a brave man is not ſuddenly either elated by proſperity or depreſſed by adverſity, ſo the oak diſplays not it's verdure on the ſun's firſt approach; nor drops it, on his firſt departure. Add to this it's majeſtic appearance, the rough grandeur of it's bark, and the wide protection of it's branches.

A large, branching, aged oak, is perhaps the moſt venerable of all inanimate objects.

Urns are more ſolemn, if large and plain; more beautiful, if leſs and ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the ſituation of them ſhould ſtill co-operate with it.

By the way, I wonder that lead ſtatues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not expreſs the finer lines of an human body, yet they ſeem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embelliſh landſkips, were they ſome degrees inferior to what we generally behold. A ſtatue in a room challenges examination, and is to be examined critically as a ſtatue. A ſtatue in a garden is to be conſidered as one part of a ſcene or landſkip; the minuter touches are no more eſſential to it, than a good landſkip-painter would eſteem them were he to repreſent a ſtatue in his picture.

Apparent art in it's proper province, is almoſt as important as apparent nature. They contraſt agreeably; but their provinces ever ſhould be kept diſtinct.

Some artificial beauties are ſo dexterouſly managed, that one cannot but conceive them natural; ſome natural ones ſo extremely fortunate, that one is ready to ſwear they are artificial.

Concerning ſcenes, the more uncommon they appear, the better, provided they form a picture, and include nothing that pretends to be of nature's production, and is not. The ſhape of ground, the ſite of trees, and the fall of water, is nature's province. Whatever thwarts her is treaſon.

On the other hand, buildings and the works of art need have no other reference to nature than that they afford the ευστημον with which the human mind is delighted.

Art ſhould never be allowed to ſet a foot in the province of nature, otherwiſe than clandeſtinely and by night. Whenever ſhe is allowed to appear here, and men begin to compromiſe the difference—night, gothiciſm, confuſion, and abſolute chaos, are come again.

To ſee one's urns, obeliſks, and waterfalls laid open; the nakedneſs of our beloved miſtreſſes, the Naiads and the Dryads, expoſed by that ruffian Winter to univerſal obſervation; is a ſeverity ſcarcely to be ſupported by the help of blazing hearths, chearful companions, and a bottle of the moſt grateful Burgundy.

The works of a perſon that builds, begin immediately to decay; while thoſe of him who plants begin directly to improve. In this, planting promiſes a more laſting pleaſure than building; which, were it to remain in equal perfection, would at beſt begin to moulder and want repairs in imagination. Now trees have a circumſtance that ſuits our taſte, and that is annual variety. It is inconvenient indeed, if they cauſe our love of life to take root and flouriſh with them; whereas the very ſameneſs of our ſtructures will, without the help of dilapidation, ſerve to wean us from our attachment to them.

It is a cuſtom in ſome countries to condemn the characters of thoſe (after death) that have neither planted a tree, nor begot a child.

The taſte of the citizen and of the mere peaſant are in all reſpects the ſame. The former gilds his balls; paints his ſtonework and ſtatues white; plants his trees in lines or circles; cuts his yew-trees four-ſquare or conic; or gives them what he can of the reſemblance of birds, or bears, or men; ſquirts up his rivulets in jetteaus; in ſhort, admires no part of nature, but her ductility; exhibits every thing that is glaring, that implies expence, or that effects a ſurprize, becauſe it is unnatural. The peaſant is his admirer.

It is always to be remembered in gardening, that ſublimity or magnificence, and beauty or variety, are very different things. Every ſcene we ſee in nature is either tame and inſipid, or compounded of thoſe. It often happens that the ſame ground may receive from art, either certain degrees of ſublimity and magnificence, or certain degrees of variety and beauty; or a mixture of each kind. In this caſe it remains to be conſidered in which light they can be rendered moſt remarkable,

remarkable, whether as objects of beauty or magnificence. Even the temper of the proprietor ſhould not perhaps be wholly diſregarded: for certain complexions of ſoul will prefer an orange-tree or a myrtle, to an oak or cedar. However, this ſhould not induce a gardener to parcel out a lawn into knots of ſhrubbery; or inveſt a mountain with a garb of roſes. This would be like dreſſing a giant in a farſenet gown, or a Saracen's head in a Bruſſels nightcap. Indeed the ſmall circular clumps of firs, which I ſee planted upon ſome fine large ſwells, put me often in mind of a coronet placed on an elephant or camel's back. I ſay, a gardener ſhould not do this, any more than a poet ſhould attempt to write of the king of Pruſſia in the ſtyle of Philips. On the other ſide, what would become of Leſbia's ſparrow, ſhould it be treated in the ſame language with the anger of Achilles?

Gardeners may be divided into three ſorts, the landſkip gardener, the parterre gardener, and the kitchen gardener, agreeably to our firſt diviſion of gardens.

I have uſed the word landſkip-gardeners; becauſe, in purſuance of our preſent taſte in gardening, every good painter of landſkip appears to me the moſt proper deſigner. The misfortune of it is, that theſe painters are apt to regard the execution of their work much more than the choice of ſubject.

The art of diſtancing and approximating comes truly within their ſphere: the former by the gradual diminution of diſtinctneſs, and of ſize; the latter by the reverſe. A ſtraight-lined avenue that is widened in front, and planted there with ewe-trees, then firs, then with trees more and more fady, till they end in the almond-willow, or ſilver oſier; will produce a very remarkable deception of the former kind; which deception will be encreaſed, if the nearer dark trees are proportionable and truly larger than thoſe at the end of the avenue that are more fady.

To diſtance a building, plant as near as you can to it, two or three circles of different-coloured greens. Ever-greens are beſt for all ſuch purpoſes. Suppoſe the outer one of holly, and the next of laurel, &c. the conſequence will be that the imagination immediately allows a ſpace betwixt theſe circles, and another betwixt the houſe and them; and as the imagined ſpace is indeterminate, if your building be dim coloured, it will not appear inconſiderable. The imagination is a greater magnifier than a microſcopic glaſs. And on this head, I have known ſome inſtances, where, by ſhewing intermediate ground, the diſtance has appeared leſs, than while an hedge or grove concealed it.

Hedges, appearing as ſuch, are univerſally bad. They diſcover art in nature's province.

Trees in hedges partake of their artificiality, and become a part of them. There is no more ſudden and obvious improvement, than an hedge removed, and the trees remaining; yet not in ſuch manner as to mark out the former hedge.

Water ſhould ever appear as an irregular lake, or winding ſtream.

Iſlands give beauty, if the water be adequate; but leſſen grandeur through variety.

It was the wiſe remark of ſome ſagacious obſerver, That familiarity is, for the moſt part, productive of contempt. Graceleſs offspring of ſo amiable a parent! Unfortunate beings that we are, whoſe enjoyments muſt be either checked, or prove deſtructive of themſelves. Our paſſions are permitted to ſip a little pleaſure; but are extinguiſhed by indulgence, like a lamp overwhelmed with oil. Hence we neglect the beauty with which we have been intimate; nor would any addition it could receive, prove an equivalent for the advantage it derived from the firſt impreſſion. Thus, negligent of graces that have the merit of reality, we too often prefer imaginary ones that have only the charm of novelty: and hence we may account, in general, for the preference of art to nature, in our old-faſhioned gardens.

Art, indeed, is often requiſite to collect and epitomize the beauties of nature; but ſhould never be ſuffered to ſet her mark upon them: I mean, in regard to thoſe articles that are of nature's province; the ſhaping of ground, the planting of trees, and the diſpoſition of lakes and rivulets. Many more particulars will ſoon occur, which, however, ſhe is allowed to regulate, ſomewhat clandeſtinely, upon the following account—Man is not capable of comprehending the univerſe at one ſurvey. Had he faculties equal to this, he might well be cenſured for any minute regulations of his own. It were the ſame, as if, in his preſent

preſent ſituation, he ſtrove to find amuſement in contriving the fabric of an ant's neſt, or the partitions of a bee-hive. But we are placed in the corner of a ſphere; endued neither with organs, nor allowed a ſtation, proper to give us an univerſal view; or to exhibit to us the variety, the orderly proportions, and diſpoſitions of the ſyſtem. We perceive many breaks and blemiſhes, ſeveral neglected and unvariegated places in the part; which, in the whole, would appear either imperceptible, or beautiful. And we might as rationally expect a ſnail to be ſatisfied with the beauty of our parterres, ſlopes, and terraſſes; or an ant to prefer our buildings to her own orderly range of granaries; as that man ſhall be ſatisfied, without a ſingle thought that he can improve the ſpot that falls to his ſhare. But, though art be neceſſary for collecting nature's beauties, by what reaſon is ſhe authorized to thwart and to oppoſe her? Why fantaſtically endeavour to humanize thoſe vegetables, of which nature, diſcreet nature, thought it proper to make trees? Why endow the vegetable bird with wings, which nature has made momentarily dependent upon the ſoil? Here art ſeems very affectedly to make a diſplay of that induſtry, which it is her glory to conceal. The ſtone which repreſents an aſteriſk, is valued only on account of it's natural production: nor do we view with pleaſure the laboured carvings and futile diligence of Gothic artiſts. We view, with much more ſatisfaction, ſome plain Grecian fabric, where art, indeed, has been equally, but leſs viſibly, induſtrious. It is thus we, indeed, admire the ſhining texture of the ſilk-worm; but we loath the puny author when ſhe thinks proper to emerge, and to diſguſt us with the appearance of ſo vile a grub.

But this is merely true in regard to the particulars of nature's province; wherein art can only appear as the moſt abject vaſſal, and had, therefore, better not appear at all. The caſe is different where ſhe has the direction of buildings, uſeful or ornamental: or, perhaps, claims as much honour from temples, as the deities to whom they are inſcribed. Here then it is her intereſt to be ſeen as much as poſſible: and, though nature appear doubly beautiful by the contraſt her ſtructures furniſh, it is not eaſy for her to confer a benefit which nature, on her ſide, will not repay.

A rural ſcene, to me, is never perfect, without the addition of ſome kind of building: indeed I have known a ſcar of rock-work, in great meaſure, ſupply the deficiency.

In gardening, it is no ſmall point to enforce either grandeur or beauty by ſurprize; for inſtance, by abrupt tranſition from their contraries—but to lay a ſtreſs upon ſurprize only; for example, on the ſurprize occaſioned by an aha! without including any nobler purpoſe; is a ſymptom of bad taſte, and a violent fondneſs for mere concetto.

Grandeur and beauty are ſo very oppoſite, that you often diminiſh the one as you increaſe the other. Variety is moſt a-kin to the latter, ſimplicity to the former.

Suppoſe a large hill varied by art with large patches of different-coloured clumps, ſcars of rock, chalk quarries, villages, or farm-houſes; you will have, perhaps, a more beautiful ſcene, but much leſs grand than it was before.

In many inſtances, it is moſt eligible to compound your ſcene of beauty and grandeur—Suppoſe a magnificent ſwell ariſing out of a well-variegated valley; it would be diſadvantageous to encreaſe it's beauty, by means deſtructive to it's magnificence.

There may poſſibly, but there ſeldom happened to be any occaſion to fill up valleys, with trees or otherwiſe. It is for the moſt part the gardener's buſineſs to remove trees, or aught that fills up the low ground; and to give, as far as nature allows, an artificial eminence to the high.

The hedge-row apple-trees in Herefordſhire afford a moſt beautiful ſcenery, at the time they are in bloſſom: but the proſpect would be really grander, did it conſiſt of ſimple foliage. For the ſame reaſon, a large oak (or beech) in autumn, is a grander object than the ſame in ſpring. The ſprightly green is then obſcured.

Smoothneſs and eaſy tranſitions are no ſmall ingredients in the beautiful; abrupt and rectangular breaks have more of the nature of the ſublime. Thus a tapering ſpire is, perhaps, a more beautiful object than a tower, which is grander.

Many of the different opinio ns rlating

ing to the preference to be given to ſeats, villas, &c. are owing to want of diſtinction betwixt the beautiful and the magnificent. Both the former and the latter pleaſe: but there are imaginations particularly adapted to the one, and to the other.

Mr. Addiſon thought an open, uninclоſed champaign country, formed the beſt landſkip. Somewhat here is to be conſidered. Large unvariegated, ſimple objects, have the beſt pretenſions to ſublimity; a large mountain, whoſe ſides are unvaried with objects, is grander than one with infinite variety: but then it's beauty is proportionably leſs.

However, I think a plain ſpace near the eye gives it a kind of liberty it loves: and then the picture, whether you chuſe the grand or beautiful, ſhould be held up at it's proper diſtance. Variety is the principal ingredient in beauty; and ſimplicity is eſſential to grandeur.

Offenſive objects, at a proper diſtance, acquire even a degree of beauty: for inſtance, ſtubble fallow ground———

ESSAY XXIII.

ON POLITICS.

PERHAPS men of the moſt different ſects and parties very frequently think the ſame; only vary in their phraſe and language. At leaſt, if one examines their firſt principles, which very often coincide, it were a point of prudence, as well as candour, to conſider the reſt as nothing more.

A courtier's dependent is a beggar's dog.

If national reflections are unjuſt, becauſe there are good men in all nations, are not national wars upon much the ſame footing?

A government is inexcuſable for employing fooliſh miniſters; becauſe they may examine a man's head, though they cannot his heart.

I fancy, the proper means of encreaſing the love we bear our native country, is to reſide ſome time in a foreign one.

The love of popularity ſeems little elſe than the love of being beloved; and is only blameable when a perſon aims at the affections of a people by means in appearance honeſt, but in their end pernicious and deſtructive.

There ought, no doubt, to be heroes in ſociety as well as butchers; and who knows but the neceſſity of butchers (inflaming and ſtimulating the paſſions with animal food) might at firſt occaſion the neceſſity of heroes? Butchers, I believe, were prior.

The whole myſtery of a courtly behaviour ſeems included in the power of making general favours appear particular ones.

A man of remarkable genius may afford to paſs by a piece of wit, if it happens to border on abuſe. A little genius is obliged to catch at every witticiſm indiſcriminately.

Indolence is a kind of centripetal force.

It ſeems idle to rail at ambition merely becauſe it is a boundleſs paſſion; or rather is not this circumſtance an argument in it's favour? If one would be employed or amuſed through life, ſhould we not make choice of a paſſion that will keep one long in play?

A ſportſman of vivacity will make choice of that game which will prolong his diverſion: a fox, that will ſupport the chace till night, is better game than a rabbit, that will not afford him half an hour's entertainment.

The ſubmiſſion of Prince Hal to the civil magiſtrate that committed him, was more to his honour than all the conqueſts of Henry the Fifth in France.

The moſt animated ſocial pleaſure, that I can conceive, may be, perhaps, felt by a general after a ſucceſsful engagement, or in it: I mean, by ſuch commanders as have ſouls equal to their occupation. This, however, ſeems paradoxical, and requires ſome explanation.

Reſiſtance to the reigning powers is juſtifiable, upon a conviction that their government is inconſiſtent with the good of the ſubject; that our interpoſition tends to eſtabliſh better meaſures; and this without a probability of occaſioning evils that may over-balance them. But theſe conſiderations muſt never be ſeparated.

People are, perhaps, more vicious in towns, becauſe they have fewer natural objects there, to employ their attention—

or

or admiration: likewiſe, becauſe one vicious character tends to encourage and keep another in countenance. However it be, excluding accidental circumſtances, I believe the largeſt cities are the moſt vicious of all others.

Laws are generally found to be nets of ſuch a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-ſized are alone entangled in.

Though I have no ſort of inclination to vindicate the late rebellion, yet I am led by candour to make ſome diſtinction between the immorality of it's abettors, and the illegality of their offence. My Lord Hardwick, in his condemnation-ſpeech, remarks, with great propriety, that the laws of all nations have adjudged rebellion to be the worſt of crimes. And in regard to civil ſocieties, I believe there are none but madmen will diſpute it. But ſurely, with regard to conſcience, erroneous judgments, and ill-grounded convictions, may render it ſome people's duty. Sin does not conſiſt in any deviation from received opinion; it does not depend upon the underſtanding, but the will. Now, if it appears that a man's opinion has happened to miſplace his duty; and this opinion has not been owing to any vicious deſire of indulging his appetites—in ſhort, if his own reaſon, liable to err, have biaſſed his will, rather than his will any way contributed to biaſs and deprave his reaſon, he will, perhaps, appear guilty before none beſide an earthly tribunal.

A perſon's right to reſiſt depends upon a conviction that the government is ill-managed; that others have more claim to manage it, or will adminiſter it better: that he, by his reſiſtance, can introduce a change to it's advantage, and this without any conſequential evils that will bear proportion to the ſaid advantage.

Whether this were not in appearance the caſe of Balmerino, I will not preſume to ſay: how conceived, or from what deluſion ſprung. But as, I think, he was reputed an honeſt man, in other reſpects, one may gueſs his behaviour was rather owing to the miſrepreſentations of his reaſon, than to any depravity, perverſeneſs, or diſingenuity of his will.

If a perſon ought heartily to ſtickle for any cauſe, it ſhould be that of moderation. Moderation ſhould be his party.

ESSAY XXIV.

EGOTISMS.

FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS.

I.

I Hate maritime expreſſions, ſimiles, and alluſions; my diſlike, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the unnaturalneſs of ſhipping, and the great ſhare which art ever claims in that practice.

II.

I am thankful that my name is obnoxious to no pun.

III.

May I always have an heart ſuperior, with œconomy ſuitable, to my fortune!

IV.

Inanimates, toys, utenſils, ſeem to merit a kind of affection from us, when they have been our companions through various viciſſitudes. I have often viewed my watch, ſtandiſh, ſnuff-box, with this kind of tender regard; allotting them a degree of friendſhip, which there are ſome men who do not deſerve:

'Midſt many faithleſs only faithful found!'

V.

I loved Mr. Somerville, becauſe he knew ſo perfectly what belonged to the flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money

VI.

It is with me in regard to the earth itſelf, as it is in regard to thoſe that walk upon it's ſurface. I love to paſs by crowds, and to catch diſtant views of the country as I walk along; but I inſenſibly chuſe to ſit where I cannot ſee two yards before me.

VII.

I begin, too ſoon in life, to ſlight the world more than is conſiſtent with making a figure in it. The *non eſt tanti* of Ovid grows upon me ſo faſt that in a few years I ſhall have no paſſion.

VIII.

I am obliged to the perſon that ſpeaks me fair to my face. I am only more obliged to the man who ſpeaks well of me

me in my abſence alſo. Should I be aſked whether I choſe to have a perſon ſpeak well of me when abſent or preſent, I ſhould anſwer the latter; for were all men to do ſo, the former would be inſignificant.

IX.

I feel an avarice of ſocial pleaſure, which produces only mortification. I never ſee a town or city in a map, but I figure to myſelf many agreeable perſons in it, with whom I could wiſh to be acquainted.

X.

It is a miſerable thing to be ſenſible of the value of one's time, and yet reſtrained by circumſtances from making a proper uſe of it. One feels one's ſelf ſomewhat in the ſituation of admiral Hoſier.

XI.

It is a miſerable thing to love where one hates; and yet it is not inconſiſtent.

XII.

The modern world conſiders it as a part of politeneſs, to drop the mention of kindred in all addreſſes to relations. There is no doubt, that it puts our approbation and eſteem upon a leſs partial footing. I think, where I value a friend, I would not ſuffer my relation to be obliterated even to the twentieth generation: it ſerves to connect us cloſer. Wherever I diſeſteemed, I would abdicate my firſt couſin.

XIII.

Circumlocutory, philoſophical obſcenity, appears to me the moſt nauſeous of all ſtuff: ſhall I ſay it takes away the ſpirit from it, and leaves you nothing but a *caput mortuum?* or ſhall I ſay, rather, it is a Sir—e in an envelope of fine gilt-paper, which only raiſes expectation? Could any be allowed to talk obſcenely with a grace, it were downright country fellows, who uſe an unaffected language: but even among theſe, as they grow old, it partakes again of affectation.

XIV.

It is ſome loſs of liberty to reſolve on ſchemes before-hand.

XV.

There are a ſort of people to whom one would allot good wiſhes and perform good offices: but they are ſometimes thoſe, with whom one would by no means ſhare one's time.

XVI.

I would have all men elevated to as great an height, as they can diſcover a luſtre to the naked eye.

XVII.

I am ſurely more inclined (of the two) to pretend a falſe diſdain, than an unreal eſteem.

XVIII.

Yet why repine? I have ſeen manſions on the verge of Wales that convert my farm-houſe into an Hampton court, and where they ſpeak of a glazed window as a great piece of magnificence. All things figure by compariſon.

XIX.

I do not ſo much want to avoid being cheated, as to afford the expence of being ſo: the generality of mankind being ſeldom in good-humour but whilſt they are impoſing upon you in ſome ſhape or other.

XX.

I cannot avoid comparing the eaſe and freedom I enjoy, to the eaſe of an old ſhoe; where a certain degree of ſhabbineſs is joined with the convenience.

XXI.

Not Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Coptic, nor even the Chineſe language, ſeems half ſo difficult to me, as the language of refuſal.

XXII.

I actually dreamt that ſomebody told me I muſt not print my pieces ſeparate. That certain ſtars would, if ſingle, be hardly conſpicuous; which, united in a narrow compaſs, form a very ſplendid conſtellation.

XXIII.

The ways of ballad-ſingers, and the cries of halfpenny pamphlets, appeared ſo extremely humourous, from my lodgings in Fleet Street, that it gave me pain to obſerve them without a companion to partake. For, alas! laughter is by no means a ſolitary entertainment.

XXIV.

Had I a fortune of eight or ten thouſand pounds a year, I would, methinks, make myſelf a neighbourhood. I would firſt build a village with a church, and people it with inhabitants of ſome branch of trade that was ſuitable to the country round. I would then, at proper diſtances, erect a number of genteel boxes of about a thouſand pounds a-piece, and amuſe myſelf with giving them all the advantages they could receive from taſte. Theſe would I people with a ſelect number of well-choſen

friends, assigning to each annually the sum of two hundred pounds for life. The salary should be irrevocable, in order to give them independency. The house, of a more precarious tenure, that, in cases of ingratitude, I might introduce another inhabitant.—How plausible soever this may appear in speculation, perhaps, a very natural and lively novel might be founded upon the inconvenient consequences of it, when put in execution.

XXV.

I think, I have observed universally that the quarrels of friends in the latter part of life, are never truly reconciled. '*Malè sarta gratia necquicquam coit. & resciditur.*' A wound in the friendship in young persons, as in the bark of young trees, may be so grown over, as to leave no scar. The case is very different in regard to old persons and old timber. The reason of this may be accountable from the decline of the social passions, and the prevalence of spleen, suspicion and rancour, towards the latter part of life.

XXVI.

There is nothing, to me, more irksome than to hear weak and servile people repeat with admiration every silly speech that falls from a mere person of rank and fortune. It is *crambe bis cocta*. The nonsense grows more nauseous through the medium of their admiration, and shews the venality of vulgar tempers, which can consider fortune as the goddess of wit.

XXVII.

What pleasure it is to pay one's debts! I remember to have heard Sir T. Lyttelton make the same observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection: it promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound œconomy. Finally, it is a main support of simple reputation.

XXVIII.

It is a maxim with me (and I would recommend it to others also, upon the score of prudence) whenever I lose a person's friendship, who generally commences enemy, to engage a fresh friend in his place. And this may be best effected by bringing over some of one's enemies; by which means one is a gainer, having the same number of friends at least, if not an enemy the less. Such a method of proceeding should, I think, be as regularly observed as the distribution of vacant ribbons, upon the death of knights of the garter.

XXIX.

It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart: but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge: to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends, I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

XXX.

I have been formerly so silly as to hope, that every servant I had might be made a friend: I am now convinced that the nature of servitude generally bears a contrary tendency. People's characters are to be chiefly collected from their education and place in life: birth itself does but little. King's in general are born with the same propensities as other men; but yet it is probable, from the licence and flattery that attends their education, that they will be more haughty, more luxurious, and more subjected to their passions, than any men beside. I question not but there are many attorneys born with open and honest hearts: but I know not one, that has had the least practice, who is not selfish, trickish, and disingenuous. So it is the nature of servitude to discard all generous motives of obedience; and to point out no other than those scoundrel ones of interest and fear. There are, however some exceptions to this rule, which I know by my own experience.

ESSAY XXV.

ON DRESS.

I.

DRESS, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application. On this account, I have seen parts of dress, in themselves extremely beautiful, which at the same time subject the wearer to the character of foppishness and affectation.

II.

A man's dress in the former part of life should rather tend to set off his person, than to express riches, rank or dignity: in the latter, the reverse.

III.

Extreme elegance in liveries, I mean such as is exprest by the more languid colours, is altogether absurd. They ought to be rather gawdy than genteel; if for no other reason, yet for this, that elegance may more strongly distinguish the appearance of the gentleman.

IV.

It is a point out of doubt with me, that the ladies are most properly the judges of the men's dress, and the men of that of the ladies.

V.

I think, till thirty, or with some a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the love of the opposite sex.

VI.

There are many modes of dress, which the world esteems handsome, which are by no means calculated to shew the human figure to advantage.

VII.

Love can be founded upon nature only; or the appearance of it—For this reason, however a peruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

VIII.

A rich dress adds but little to the beauty of a person. It may possibly create a deference, but that is rather an enemy to love:

'*Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur*
'*Majestas & amor.*' OVID.

IX.

Simplicity can scarce be carried too far; provided it be not so singular as to excit a degree of ridicule. The same caution may be requisite in regard to the value of your dress: though splendor be not necessary, you must remove all appearance of poverty: the ladies being rarely enough sagacious to acknowledge beauty through the disguise of poverty. Indeed, I believe sometimes they mistake grandeur of dress for beauty of person.

X.

A person's manner is never easy, whilst he feels a consciousness that he is fine. The country-fellow, considered in some lights, appears genteel; but it is not when he is dress on Sundays, with a large nosegay in his bosom. It is when he is reaping, making hay, or when he is hedging in his hurden frock. It is then he acts with ease, and thinks himself equal to his apparel.

XI.

When a man has run all lengths himself with regard to dress, there is but one means remaining which can add to his appearance. And this consists in having recourse to the utmost plainness in his own apparel, and at the same time richly garnishing his footman or his horse. Let the servant appear as fine as ever you please, the world must always consider the master as his superior. And this is that peculiar excellence so much admired in the best painters as well as poets; Raphael as well as Virgil: where somewhat is left to be supplied by the spectator's and reader's imagination.

XII.

Methinks, apparel should be rich in the same proportion as it is gay: it otherwise carries the appearance of somewhat substantial: in other words, of a greater desire than ability to make a figure.

XIII.

Persons are oftentimes misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may encrease their own beauty.

XIV.

I cannot see why a person should be esteemed haughty, on account of his taste for fine cloaths, any more than one who discovers a fondness for birds,

flowers, moths, or butterflies. Imagination influences both to ſeek amuſement in glowing colours; only the former endeavours to give them a nearer relation to himſelf. It appears to me, that a perſon may love ſplendour without any degree of pride; which is never connected with this taſte but when a perſon demands homage on account of the finery he exhibits. Then it ceaſes to be taſte, and commences mere ambition. Yet the world is not enough candid to make this eſſential diſtinction.

XV.

The firſt inſtance an officer gives you of his courage, conſiſts in wearing cloaths infinitely ſuperior to his rank.

XVI.

Men of quality never appear more amiable than when their dreſs is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at beſt invidious; and as they do not need the aſſiſtance of dreſs, ſo, by their diſclaiming the advantage of it, they make their ſuperiority ſit more eaſy. It is otherwiſe with ſuch as depend alone on perſonal merit; and it was from hence, I preſume, that Quin aſſerted he could not afford to go plain.

XVII.

There are certain ſhapes and phyſiognomies, of ſo entirely vulgar a caſt, that they could ſcarce win reſpect even in the country, though they were embelliſhed with a dreſs as tawdry as a pulpit-cloth.

XVIII.

A large retinue upon a ſmall income, like a large caſcade upon a ſmall ſtream, tends to diſcover it's tenuity.

XIX.

Why are perfumes ſo much decryed? When a perſon on his approach diffuſes them, does he not revive the idea which the antients ever entertained concerning the deſcent of ſuperior beings, 'veiled 'in a cloud of fragrance?'

XX.

The loweſt people are generally the firſt to find fault with ſhew or equipage; eſpecially that of a perſon lately emerged from his obſcurity. They never once conſider that he is breaking the ice for themſelves.

ESSAY XXVI.

ON WRITING AND BOOKS.

I.

FINE writing is generally the effect of ſpontaneous thoughts and a laboured ſtyle.

II.

Long ſentences in a ſhort compoſition are like large rooms in a little houſe.

III.

The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox-hunters.

IV.

Inſtead of whining complaints concerning the imagined cruelty of their miſtreſſes, if poets would addreſs the ſame to their Muſe, they would act more agreeably to nature and truth.

V.

Superficial writers, like the mole, often fancy themſelves deep, when they are exceeding near the ſurface.

VI.

'*Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis æquam*
'*Viribus.*'

Authors often fail by printing their works on a demi-royal, that ſhould have appeared on ballad-paper, to make their performance appear laudable.

VII.

There is no word in the Latin language, that ſignifies a female friend. 'Amica' means a miſtreſs; and perhaps there is no friendſhip betwixt the ſexes wholly diſunited from a degree of love.

VIII.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in the natural manner; in word and phraſe, ſimile, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

XI.

One can, now and then, reach an author's head when he ſtoops; and, induced by this circumſtance, aſpire to meaſure height with him.

X.

The national opinion of a book or treatiſe

treatiſe is not always right—'eſt ubi 'peccat.'—Milton's Paradiſe Loſt is one inſtance. I mean, the cold reception it met with at firſt.

XI.

Perhaps, an acquaintance with men of genius is rather reputable than ſatisfactory. It is as unaccountable, as it is certain, that fancy heightens ſenſibility; ſenſibility ſtrengthens paſſion; and paſſion makes people humouriſts.

Yet a perſon of genius is often expected to ſhew more diſcretion than another man; and this on account of that very vivacity, which is his greateſt impediment. This happens for want of diſtinguiſhing betwixt the fanciful talents and the dry mathematical operations of the judgment, each of which indiſcriminately give the denomination of a man of genius.

XII.

An actor never gained a reputation by acting a bad play, nor a muſician by playing on a bad inſtrument.

XIII.

Poets ſeem to have fame, in lieu of moſt temporal advantages. They are too little formed for buſineſs, to be reſpected: too often feared or envied, to be beloved.

XIV.

Tully ever ſeemed an inſtance to me, how far a man devoid of courage may be a ſpirited writer.

XV.

One would rather be a ſtump of laurel than the ſtump of a church-yard yew-tree.

XVI.

'Degere more feræ*.' Virg. Vanbrugh ſeems to have had this of Virgil in his eye, when he introduces Miſs Hoyden envying the liberty of a greyhound bitch.

XVII.

There is a certain flimzineſs of poetry, which ſeems expedient in a ſong.

XVIII.

Dido, as well as Deſdemona†, ſeems to have been a mighty admirer of ſtrange atchievements:

'*Heu! quibus ille*
'*Jactatus fatis! quæ bella exhauſta canebat!*
'*Si mihi non*,' &c.

This may ſhew that Virgil, Shakeſpeare, and Shafteſbury, agreed in the ſame opinion.

XIX.

It is often obſerved of wits, that they will loſe their beſt friends for the ſake of a joke. Candour may diſcover, that it is their greater degree of the love of fame, not the leſs degree of their benevolence, which is the cauſe.

XX.

People in high or in diſtinguiſhed life ought to have a greater circumſpection in regard to their moſt trivial actions. For inſtance, I ſaw Mr. Pope—and what was he doing when you ſaw him?—why, to the beſt of my memory, he was picking his noſe.

XXI.

Even Joe Miller in his jeſts has an eye to poetical juſtice; generally gives the victory or turns the laugh on the ſide of merit. No ſmall compliment to mankind!

XXII.

To ſay a perſon writes a good ſtyle, is originally as pedantic an expreſſion as to ſay he plays a good fiddle.

XXIII.

The firſt line of Virgil ſeems to patter like an hail-ſtorm—'*Tityre tu patulæ*,' &c.

XXIV.

The vanity and extreme ſelf-love of the French is no where more obſervable than in their authors; and among theſe, in none more than Boileau; who, beſides his rhodomontades, preſerves every the moſt inſipid reading in his notes, though he have removed it from the text for the ſake of one ever ſo much better.

XXV.

The writer who gives us the beſt idea of what may be called the genteel in ſtyle and manner of writing, is, in my opinion, my Lord Shafteſbury. Then Mr. Addiſon and Dr. Swift.

A plain narrative of any remarkable fact, emphatically related, has a more ſtriking effect without the author's comment.

XXVI.

Long periods and ſhort ſeem analogous to Gothic and modern ſtair-caſes: the former were of ſuch a ſize as our heads and legs could barely command; the latter ſuch, that they might command half a dozen.

* To lead the life of a beaſt.

† Lord Shafteſbury.

I think

I think nothing truly poetic, at leaſt no poetry worth compoſing, that does not ſtrongly affect one's paſſion: and this is but ſlenderly effected by fables, allegories, and lies:

'*Incredulus odi.*' HOR.

XXVII.

A preface very frequently contains ſuch a piece of criticiſm, as tends to countenance and eſtabliſh the peculiarities of the piece.

XXVIII.

I hate a ſtyle, as I do a garden, that is wholly flat and regular; that ſlides along like an eel, and never riſes to what one can call an inequality.

XXIX.

It is obvious to diſcover that imperfections of one kind have a viſible tendency to produce perfections of another. Mr. Pope's bodily diſadvantages muſt incline him to a more laborious cultivation of his talent, without which he foreſaw that he muſt have languiſhed in obſcurity. The advantages of perſon are a good deal eſſential to popularity in the grave world as well as the gay. Mr. Pope, by an unwearied application to poetry, became not only the favourite of the learned, but alſo of the ladies.

XXX.

Pope, I think, never once mentions Prior; though Prior ſpeaks ſo handſomely of Pope in his Alma. One might imagine that the latter, indebted as he was to the former for ſuch numberleſs beauties, ſhould have readily repaid this poetical obligation. This can only be imputed to pride or party-cunning. In other words, to ſome modification of ſelfiſhneſs.

XXXI.

Virgil never mentions Horace, though indebted to him for two very well-natured compliments.

XXXII.

Pope ſeems to me the moſt correct writer ſince Virgil; the greateſt genius only, ſince Dryden.

XXXIII.

No one was ever more fortunate than Mr. Pope in a judicious choice of his poetical ſubjects.

XXXIV.

Pope's talent lay remarkably in what one may naturally enough term the condenſation of thoughts. I think, no other Engliſh poet ever brought ſo much ſenſe into the ſame number of lines with equal ſmoothneſs, eaſe, and poetical beauty. Let him who doubts of this peruſe his Eſſay on Man with attention. Perhaps, this was a talent from which he could not eaſily have ſwerved: perhaps, he could not have ſufficiently rarefied his thoughts to produce that flimzineſs which is required in a ballad or love-ſong. His Monſter of Raguſa and his Tranſlations from Chaucer have ſome little tendency to invalidate this obſervation.

XXXV.

I durſt not have cenſured Mr. Pope's writings in his life-time, you ſay. True. A writer ſurrounded with all his fame, engaging with another that is hardly known, is a man in armour attacking another in his night-gown and ſlippers.

XXXVI.

Pope's religion is often found very advantageous to his deſcriptive talents, as it is no doubt embelliſhed with the moſt pompous ſcenes and oſtentatious imagery: for inſtance,

'When from the cenſer clouds of,' &c.

XXXVII.

Pope has made the utmoſt advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pauſe with the utmoſt ſucceſs:

'Die and endow a college or a cat,' &c. &c.

It is an eaſy kind of beauty. Dryden ſeems to have borrowed it from Spenſer.

XXXVIII.

Pope has publiſhed fewer foibles than any other poet that is equally voluminous.

XXXIX.

It is no doubt extremely poſſible to form an Engliſh proſody; but to a good ear it were almoſt ſuperfluous, and to a bad one uſeleſs; this laſt being, I believe, never joined with a poetic genius. It may be joined with wit; it may be connected with ſound judgment; but is ſurely never united with taſte, which is the life and ſoul of poetry.

XL.

Rhymes, in elegant poetry, ſhould conſiſt of ſyllables that are long in pronunciation; ſuch as 'are, ear, ire, ore, 'your;' in which a nice ear will find more agreeableneſs than in theſe 'gnat, 'net, knit, knot, nut.'

XLI.

There is a vaſt beauty (to me) in uſing a word of a particular nature in the eighth

eighth and ninth ſyllables of an Engliſh verſe. I mean what is virtually a dactyl. For inſtance—

'And pikes, the tyrants of the watry plains'

Let any perſon of an ear ſubſtitute 'liquid,' inſtead of 'watry,' and he will find the diſadvantage. Mr. Pope (who has improved our verſification through a judicious diſpoſition of the pauſe) ſeems not enough aware of this beauty.

XLII.

As to the frequent uſe of alliteration, it has probably had it's day.

XLIII.

It has ever a good effect when the ſtreſs of the thought is laid upon that word which the voice moſt naturally pronounces with an emphaſis.

'*I nunc & verſus-tecum meditare*,' &c. HOR.

'*Quam vellent æthere in alto*
'*Nunc & pauperiem*, &c. VIRG.

'*O fortunati, quorum jam mœnia*,' &c. VIRG.

'*At regina gravi jamdudum**,' &c. VIRG.

Virgil, whoſe very metre appears to affect one's paſſions, was a maſter of this ſecret.

XLIV.

There are numbers in the world, who do not want ſenſe, to make a figure; ſo much as an opinion of their own abilities, to put them upon recording their obſervations, and allowing them the ſame importance which they do to thoſe which others print.

XLV.

A good writer cannot with the utmoſt ſtudy produce ſome thoughts, which will flow from a bad one with eaſe and precipitation. The reverſe is alſo true. A bad writer, &c.

XLVI.

'Great wits have ſhort memories,' is a proverb; and as ſuch has undoubtedly ſome foundation in nature. The caſe ſeems to be, that men of genius forget things of common concern, unimportant facts and circumſtances, which make no ſlight impreſſion in every-day minds. But ſure it will be found that all wit depends on memory; i. e. on the recollection of paſſages, either to illuſtrate or contraſt with any preſent occaſion. It is probably the fate of a common underſtanding to forget the very things which the man of wit remembers. But an oblivion of thoſe things which almoſt every one remembers, renders his caſe the more remarkable, and thus explains the myſtery.

XLVII.

Prudes allow no quarter to ſuch ladies as have fallen a ſacrifice to the gentle paſſions; either becauſe themſelves, being borne away by the malignant ones, perhaps never felt the other ſo powerful as to occaſion them any difficulty; or becauſe no one has tempted them to tranſgreſs that way themſelves. It is the ſame caſe with ſome critics, with regard to the errors of ingenious writers.

XLVIII.

It ſeems with wit and good-nature, '*Utrum horum mavis accipe*.' Taſte and good-nature are univerſally connected.

XLIX.

Voiture's compliments to ladies are honeſt on account of their exceſs.

L.

Poetry and conſumptions are the moſt flattering of diſeaſes.

LI.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

LII.

Some men uſe no other means to acquire reſpect, than by inſiſting on it; and it ſometimes anſwers their purpoſe, as it does an highwayman's in regard to money.

LIII.

There is nothing exerts a genius ſo much as writing plays: the reaſon is, that the writer puts himſelf in the place of every perſon that ſpeaks.

LIV.

Perfect characters in a poem make but little better figure than regular hills, perpendicular trees, uniform rocks, and level ſheets of water, in the formation of a landſkip. The reaſon is, they are not natural, and moreover want variety.

* Pope has given numberleſs inſtances of the beauties here pointed out by our author. One of them will ſuffice, in this place, to illuſtrate the aſſertion.

When Ajax *ſtrives* ſome *rock's vaſt weight* to *throw*,
The line too *labours*, and the words *move ſlow*.

LV.

Trifles diſcover a character more than actions of importance. In regard to the former, a perſon is off his guard, and thinks it not material to uſe diſguiſe. It is, to me, no imperfect hint towards the diſcovery of a man's character, to ſay he looks as though you might be certain of finding a pin upon his ſleeve.

LVI.

A grammarian ſpeaks of firſt and ſecond perſon: a poet of Celia and Corydon: a mathematician of A and B: a lawyer of Nokes and Styles. The very quinteſſence of pedantry!

LVII.

Shakeſpeare makes his very bombaſt anſwer his purpoſe, by the perſons he chuſes to utter it.

LVIII.

A poet, till he arrives at thirty, can ſee no other good than a poetical reputation. About that æra, he begins to diſcover ſome other.

LVIX.

The plan of Spenſer's Fairy Queen appears to me very imperfect. His imagination, though very extenſive, is yet ſomewhat leſs ſo, perhaps, than is generally allowed; if one conſiders the facility of realizing and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has ſome advantages, though, in many reſpects, exceptionable. His good-nature is viſible through every part of his poem. His conjunction of the Pagan and Chriſtian ſcheme (as he introduces the deities of both acting ſimultaneouſly) wholly inexcuſable. Much art and judgment are diſcovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain ſome doubt whether the peruſal of his monſtrous deſcriptions be not as prejudicial to true taſte, as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenſer, to be ſure, expands the laſt; but then he expands it beyond it's due limits. After all, there are many favourite paſſages in his Fairy Queen, which will be inſtances of a great and cultivated genius miſapplied.

LX.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a moroſe critic. The weak and inſipid white-wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

LXI.

People of fortune, perhaps, covet the acquaintance of eſtabliſhed writers, not ſo much upon account of the ſocial pleaſure, as the credit of it: the former would induce them to chuſe perſons of leſs capacities, and tempers more conformable.

LXII.

Language is to the underſtanding what a genteel motion is to the body; a very great advantage. But a perſon may be ſuperior to another in underſtanding, that has not an equal dignity of expreſſion; and a man may boaſt an handſomer figure, that is inferior to another in regard to motion.

LXIII.

The words 'no more' have a ſingular pathos; reminding us at once of paſt pleaſure and the future excluſion of it.

LXIV.

Every ſingle obſervation that is publiſhed by a man of genius, be it ever ſo trivial, ſhould be eſteemed of importance; becauſe he ſpeaks from his own impreſſions: whereas common men publiſh common things, which they have perhaps gleaned from frivolous writers.

LXV.

It is providential that our affection diminiſhes in proportion as our friends power encreaſes. Affection is of leſs importance whenever a perſon can ſupport himſelf. It is on this account that younger brothers are often beloved more than their elders; and that Benjamin is the favourite. We may trace the ſame law throughout the animal creation.

LXVI.

The time of life when fancy predominates, is youth; the ſeaſon when judgment decides beſt, is age. Poets, therefore, are always, in reſpect of their diſpoſition, younger than other perſons: a circumſtance that gives the latter part of their lives ſome inconſiſtency. The cool phlegmatic tribe diſcover it in the former.

LXVII.

One ſometimes meets with inſtances of genteel abruption in writers; but I wonder it is not uſed more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For inſtance (after Falſtaff's diſappointment in ſerving Shallow at court)

'Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand
'pounds.' SHAKESPEARE.

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther againſt England,

England, but to ſheath the ſword he had drawn at the Pope's own inſtigation:

'Now it had already coſt Philip eighty 'thouſand pound in preparations.'

After the detail of King John's abject ſubmiſſion to the Pope's legate:

'Now John was hated and deſpiſed before.'

But, perhaps, the ſtrongeſt of all may be taken from the Scripture, (concluſion of a chapter in St. John)

'Now Barabbas was a robber.'

LXVIII.

A poet hurts himſelf by writing proſe; as a race-horſe hurts his motions by condeſcending to draw in a team.

LXIX.

The ſuperior politeneſs of the French is in nothing more diſcernible than in the phraſes uſed by them and us to expreſs an affair being in agitation. The former ſays, 'Sur la tapis;' the latter, 'Upon the anvil.' Does it not ſhew alſo the ſincerity and ſerious face with which we enter upon buſineſs, and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform even the moſt important?

LXX.

There are two qualities adherent to the moſt ingenious authors; I do not mean without exception. A decent pride that will admit of no ſervility, and a ſheepiſh baſhfulneſs that keeps their worth concealed: the '*ſuperbia quæſita* '*meritis*,' and the '*malus pudor*,' of Horace. The one will not ſuffer them to make advances to the great; the other diſguiſes that merit for which the great would ſeek out them. Add to theſe the frequent indolence of ſpeculative tempers.

LXXI.

A poetical genius ſeems the moſt elegant of youthful accompliſhments; but it is entirely a youthful one. Flights of fancy, gaiety of behaviour, ſprightlineſs of dreſs, and a blooming aſpect, conſpire very amicably to their mutual embelliſhment; but the poetic talent has no more to do with age, than it would avail his Grace of Canterbury to have a knack at country dances, or a genius for a catch.

LXXII.

The moſt obſequious Muſes, like the fondeſt and moſt willing courtezans, ſeldom leave us any reaſon to boaſt much of their favours.

LXXIII.

If you write an original piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the beſt of ſubjects before you; if a tranſlation, of the beſt authors.

LXXIV.

The antient poets ſeem to value themſelves greatly upon their power of perpetuating the fame of their cotemporaries. Indeed the circumſtance that has fixed their language, has been the only means of verifying ſome of their vainglorious prophecies. Otherwiſe, the hiſtorians appear more equal to the taſk of conferring immortality. An hiſtory will live, though written ever ſo indifferently; and is generally leſs ſuſpected, than the rhetoric of the muſes.

LXXV.

I wonder authors do not diſcover how much more elegant it is to fix their name to the end of their preface, or any introductory addreſs, than to the title-page. It is, perhaps, for the ſake of an F.R.S. or an LL.D. at the end of it.

LXXVI.

It ſhould ſeem, the many lies, diſcernible in books of travels, may be owing to accounts collected from improper people. Were one to give a character of the Engliſh, from what the vulgar act and believe, it would convey* a ſtrange idea of the Engliſh underſtanding.

LXXVII.

Might not the poem on the Seaſons have been rendered more 'uni,' by giving out the deſign of nature in the beginning of winter, and afterwards conſidering all the varieties of ſeaſon as means aiming at one end?

LXXVIII.

Critics muſt excuſe me, if I compare them to certain animals called aſſes; who, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.

LXXIX.

Every good poet includes a critic; the reverſe will not hold.

LXXX.

We want a word to expreſs the *Hoſpes* or *Hoſpita* of the ancients; among them, perhaps, the moſt reſpectable of

* Miſſionaries clap a tail to every Indian nation that diſlikes them.

all characters; yet with us tranſlated 'Hoſt,' which we apply alſo to an Innkeeper. Neither have we any word to expreſs *Amica*, as if he thought a woman always was ſomewhat more or leſs than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uſes *Ignotos* otherwiſe than as 'obſcure 'perſons,' as the modern phraſe implies, 'whom nobody knows; yet it is uſed differently on Mrs. L——'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philoſopher, who conſidered the world as one vaſt animal, could eſteem himſelf no other than a louſe upon the back of it.

LXXXIII.

Orators and ſtage-coachmen, when the one wants arguments, and the other a coat of arms, adorn their cauſe and their coaches with rhetoric and flowerpots.

LXXXIV.

It is idle to be much aſſiduous in the peruſal of inferior poetry. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, give the true taſte in compoſition; and a perſon's own imagination ſhould be able to ſupply the reſt.

In the ſame manner, it is ſuperfluous to purſue inferior degrees of fame. One truly ſplendid action, or one well-finiſhed compoſition, includes more than all the reſults from more trivial performances. I mean this for perſons who make fame their only motive.

Very few ſentiments are proper to be put in a perſon's mouth, during the firſt attack of grief.

Every thing diſguſts, but mere ſimplicity; the ſcriptural writers deſcribe their heroes uſing only ſome ſuch phraſe as this: 'Alas! my brother!' 'O Ab-'ſalom, my ſon! my ſon!' &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuſe, but at the ſame time entirely ſimple.

Angling is literally deſcribed by Martial—

——*Tremulâ piſcem deducere ſetâ.*

From *Ictum fœdus* ſeems to come the Engliſh phraſe and cuſtom of ſtriking a bargain.

I like Ovid's Amours better than his Epiſtles. There ſeems a greater variety of natural thoughts: whereas, when one has read the ſubject of one of his epiſtles, one foreſees what it will produce in a writer of his imagination.

The plan of his Elegies, for the moſt part well deſigned. The anſwers of Sabinus, nothing.

Neceſſity may be the mother of lucrative invention; but is the death of poetical.

If a perſon ſuſpects his phraſe to be ſomewhat too familiar and abject, it were proper he ſhould accuſtom himſelf to compoſe in blank verſe: but let him be much upon his guard againſt Antient Piſtol's phraſeology.

Providence ſeems altogether impartial in the diſpenſation which beſtows riches upon one and a contempt of riches upon another.

Reſpect is the general end for which riches, power, place, title, and fame, are implicitly deſired. When one is poſſeſſed of the end, through any one of theſe means, is it not wholly unphiloſophical to covet the remainder?

Lord Shafteſbury, in the genteel management of ſome familiar ideas, ſeems to have no equal. He diſcovers an eloignment from vulgar phraſes much becoming a perſon of quality. His ſketches ſhould be ſtudied, like thoſe of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the ſhorteſt and cleareſt ſyſtems of morality.

The queſtion is, whether you diſtinguiſh me, becauſe you have better ſenſe than other people; or whether you ſeem to have better ſenſe than other people, becauſe you diſtinguiſh me.

One feels the ſame kind of diſguſt in reading Roman hiſtory, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too eaſily foreſee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too ſeldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conſpicuous than in their anſwers to ambaſſadors.

There is an important omiſſion in moſt of our grammar-ſchools, through which what we read, either of fabulous or real hiſtory, leaves either faint or confuſed impreſſions. I mean the neglect of old geographic maps. Were maps of antient Greece, Sicily, Italy, &c. in uſe there, the knowledge we there acquire would not want to be renewed afterwards, as is now generally the caſe.

A perſon of a pedantic turn will ſpend five years in tranſlating, and contending for the beauties of a worſe poem than he might write in five weeks himſelf. There

ſeem

ſeem to be authors who wiſh to ſacrifice their whole character of genius to that of learning.

Boileau has endeavoured to prove, in one of his admirable ſatires, that man has no manner of pretence to prefer his faculties before thoſe of the brute creation. Oldham has tranſlated him: my Lord Rocheſter has imitated him: and even Mr. Pope declares—

That, reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct how you can.
In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man.

Indeed, the Eſſay on Man abounds with illuſtrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plauſible reaſons may be urged to ſupport it. It ſeems evident that our itch of reaſoning, and ſpirit of curioſity, precludes more happineſs than it can poſſibly advance. What numbers of diſeaſes are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We diſreliſh and deny ourſelves cheap and natural gratifications, through ſpeculative preſciences and doubts about the future. We cannot diſcover the deſigns of our Creator. We ſhould learn then of brutes to be eaſy under our ignorance, and happy in thoſe objects that ſeem intended, obviouſly, for our happineſs: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and fooliſhly perplex ourſelves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wiſh but two editions of all books whatſoever. One of the ſimple text, publiſhed by a ſociety of able hands; another with the various readings, and remarks of the ableſt commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philoſophers, one muſt converſe but little with the vulgar. Theſe, by their very number, will force a perſon into a fondneſs for appearance, a love of money, a deſire of power; and other plebeian paſſions: objects which they admire, becauſe they have no ſhare in, and have not learning to ſupply the place of experience.

Livy, the moſt elegant and principal of the Roman hiſtorians, was, perhaps, as ſuperſtitious as the moſt unlearned plebeian. We ſee, he never is deſtitute of appearances, accurately deſcribed and ſolemnly aſſerted, to ſupport particular events by the interpoſition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chickens feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: *Parva ſunt hæc, ſed parva iſta non contemnenda; majores noſtri maximam hanc rem faciebant.*

It appears from the Roman hiſtorians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet 'Felix' ſeems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am miſtaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an oppoſite manner. Numbers amongſt them have been canonized upon the ſingle merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of ſuperficial ſubjects upon which we now generally converſe. Add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which ſome kings clog and encumber converſation.

The celebrated boldneſs of an eaſtern metaphor is, I believe, ſometimes allowed it for the inconſiderable ſimilitude it bears to it's ſubject.

The ſtyle of letters, perhaps, ſhould not riſe higher than the ſtyle of refined converſation.

Love-verſes written without real paſſion, are often the moſt nauſeous of all conceits. Thoſe written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful ſeaſon of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one ſuch exceſſive pleaſure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the moſt perfect harmony of metre, with the moſt pleaſing ideas or images:

Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem;

And

Argentum Pariuſve lapis ———

With a thouſand better inſtances.

Nothing tends ſo much to produce drunkenneſs, or even madneſs, as the frequent uſe of parentheſes in converſation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general ſeeing his brave army overmatched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to ſee his ally approach with forces to his aſſiſtance, See Shakeſpeare.

When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,
Caſt many a northward look to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs—but he did look in vain;

all characters; yet with us translated 'Host,' which we apply also to an Innkeeper. Neither have we any word to express *Amica*, as if he thought a woman always was somewhat more or less than a friend.

LXXXI.

I know not where any Latin author uses *Ignotos* otherwise than as 'obscure 'persons,' as the modern phrase implies, 'whom nobody knows; yet it is used differently on Mrs. L———'s monument.

LXXXII.

The philosopher, who considered the world as one vast animal, could esteem himself no other than a louse upon the back of it.

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In the same manner, it is superfluous to pursue inferior degrees of fame. One truly splendid action, or one well-finished composition, includes more than all the results from more trivial performances. I mean this for persons who make fame their only motive.

Very few sentiments are proper to be put in a person's mouth, during the first attack of grief.

Every thing disgusts, but mere simplicity; the scriptural writers describe their heroes using only some such phrase as this: 'Alas! my brother!' 'O Ab-'salom, my son! my son!' &c. The lamentation of Saul over Jonathan is more diffuse, but at the same time entirely simple.

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Lord Shaftesbury, in the genteel management of some familiar ideas, seems to have no equal. He discovers an eloignment from vulgar phrases much becoming a person of quality. His sketches should be studied, like those of Raphael. His Enquiry is one of the shortest and clearest systems of morality.

The question is, whether you distinguish me, because you have better sense than other people; or whether you seem to have better sense than other people, because you distinguish me.

One feels the same kind of disgust in reading Roman history, which one does in novels, or even epic poetry. We too easily foresee to whom the victory will fall. The hero, the knight-errant, and the Roman, are too seldom overcome.

The elegance and dignity of the Romans is in nothing more conspicuous than in their answers to ambassadors.

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That, reaſon raiſe o'er inſtinct how you can.
In this 'tis God directs; in that 'tis man.

Indeed, the Eſſay on Man abounds with illuſtrations of this maxim; and it is amazing to find how many plauſible reaſons may be urged to ſupport it. It ſeems evident that our itch of reaſoning, and ſpirit of curioſity, precludes more happineſs than it can poſſibly advance. What numbers of diſeaſes are entirely artificial things, far from the ability of a brute to contrive! We diſreliſh and deny ourſelves cheap and natural gratifications, through ſpeculative preſciences and doubts about the future. We cannot diſcover the deſigns of our Creator. We ſhould learn then of brutes to be eaſy under our ignorance, and happy in thoſe objects that ſeem intended, obviouſly, for our happineſs: not overlook the flowers of the garden, and fooliſhly perplex ourſelves with the intricacies of the labyrinth.

I wiſh but two editions of all books whatſoever. One of the ſimple text, publiſhed by a ſociety of able hands; another with the various readings, and remarks of the ableſt commentators.

To endeavour, all one's days, to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour that one has nothing left to defend.

If one would think with philoſophers, one muſt converſe but little with the vulgar. Theſe, by their very number, will force a perſon into a fondneſs for appearance, a love of money, a deſire of power; and other plebeian paſſions: objects which they admire, becauſe they have no ſhare in, and have not learning to ſupply the place of experience.

Livy, the moſt elegant and principal of the Roman hiſtorians, was, perhaps, as ſuperſtitious as the moſt unlearned plebeian. We ſee, he never is deſtitute of appearances, accurately deſcribed and ſolemnly aſſerted, to ſupport particular events by the interpoſition of exploded deities. The puerile attention to chickens feeding in a morning—And then a piece of gravity: *Parva ſunt hæc, ſed parva iſta non contemnenda, majores noſtri maximam hanc rem facerunt.*

It appears from the Roman hiſtorians, that the Romans had a particular veneration for the fortunate. Their epithet 'Felix' ſeems ever to imply a favourite of the gods. I am miſtaken, or modern Rome has generally acted in an oppoſite manner. Numbers amongſt them have been canonized upon the ſingle merit of misfortunes.

How different appears antient and modern dialogue, on account of ſuperficial ſubjects upon which we now generally converſe. Add to this, the ceremonial of modern times, and the number of titles with which ſome kings clog and encumber converſation.

The celebrated boldneſs of an eaſtern metaphor is, I believe, ſometimes allowed it for the inconſiderable ſimilitude it bears to it's ſubject.

The ſtyle of letters, perhaps, ſhould not riſe higher than the ſtyle of refined converſation.

Love-verſes written without real paſſion, are often the moſt nauſeous of all conceits. Thoſe written from the heart will ever bring to mind that delightful ſeaſon of youth, and poetry, and love.

Virgil gives one ſuch exceſſive pleaſure in his writings, beyond any other writer, by uniting the moſt perfect harmony of metre, with the moſt pleaſing ideas or images:

Qualem virgineo demeſſum pollice florem;

And

Argentum Pariuſve lapis ———

With a thouſand better inſtances.

Nothing tends ſo much to produce drunkenneſs, or even madneſs, as the frequent uſe of parentheſes in converſation.

Few greater images of impatience, than a general ſeeing his brave army overmatched and cut to pieces, and looking out continually to ſee his ally approach with forces to his aſſiſtance, See Shakeſpeare.

When my dear Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Caſt many a northward look to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs—but he did look in vain;

ESSAY XXVII.

BOOKS, &c.

SIMILES, drawn from odd circumſtances and effects ſtrangely accidental, bear a near relation to falſe wit. The beſt inſtance of the kind is that celebrated line of Waller:

He graſp'd at love, and filled his hand with bays.

Virgil diſcovers leſs wit, and more taſte, than any writer in the world. Some inſtances.

——*Lorgumque bibebat amorem.*

What Lucretius ſays of the *Edita doctrinæ ſapientum templa*—The temples of philoſophers—appears in no ſenſe more applicable than to a ſnug and eaſy charriot:

Diſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ.

i. e. From whence you may look down upon foot-paſſengers, ſee them wandering on each ſide you, and pick their way through the dirt:

——Seriouſly
From learning's tow'ring height to gaze around,
And ſee plebian ſpirits range below.

There is a ſort of maſonry in poetry, wherein the pauſe repreſents the joints of building; which ought in every line and courſe to have their diſpoſition varied.

The difference betwixt a witty writer and a writer of taſte is chiefly this. The former is negligent what ideas he introduces, ſo he joins them ſurpriſingly. The latter is principally careful what images he introduces, and ſtudies ſimplicity rather than ſurprize in his manner of introduction.

It may in ſome meaſure account for the difference of taſte in the reading of books, to conſider the difference of our ears for muſic. One is not pleaſed without a perfect melody of ſtyle, be the ſenſe what it will: another, of no ear for muſic, gives to ſenſe it's full weight without any deduction on account of harſhneſs.

Harmony of period and melody of ſtyle have greater weight than is generally imagined in the judgement we paſs upon writing and writers. As a proof of this, let us reflect, what texts of Scripture, what lines in poetry, or what periods we moſt remember and quote; either in verſe or proſe, and we ſhall find them to be only muſical ones.

I wonder the ancient mythology never ſhews Apollo enamoured of Venus; conſidering the remarkable deference that wit has paid to beauty in all ages. The Orientals act more conſonantly, when they ſuppoſe the nightingale enamoured of the roſe; the moſt harmonious bird of the faireſt and moſt delightful flower.

Hope is a flatterer: but the moſt upright of all paraſites; for ſhe frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his ſuperior.

What is termed humour in proſe, I conceive, would be conſidered as burleſque in poetry: of which inſtances may be given.

Perhaps, burleſque may be divided into ſuch as turns chiefly upon the thought, and ſuch as depends more upon the expreſſion; or we may add a third kind, conſiſting in thoughts ridiculouſly dreſſed in language much above or below their dignity.

The Splendid Shilling of Mr. Phillips, and the Hudibras of Butler, are the moſt obvious inſtances. Butler, however, depended much upon the ludicrous effect of his double rhimes. In other reſpects, to declare my own ſentiments, he is rather a witty writer than a humorous one.

Scenes below verſe, merely verſified lay claim to a degree of humour.

Swift in poetry deſerves a place ſomewhere betwixt Butler and Horace. He has the wit of the former, and the graceful negligence which we find in the latter's epiſtles and ſatires. I believe, few people diſcover leſs humour in Don Quixote than myſelf. For beſide the general ſameneſs of adventure, whereby it is eaſy to foreſee what he will do on moſt occaſions, it is not ſo eaſy to raiſe a laugh from the wild atchievements of a madman. The natural paſſion in that caſe is pity, with ſome ſmall portion of

mirth

mirth at moſt. Sancho's character is indeed comic; and, were it removed from the romance, would diſcover how little there was of humour in the character of Don Quixote.

It is a fine ſtroke of Cervantes, when Sancho, ſick of his government, makes no anſwer to his comforters, but aims directly at his ſhoes and ſtockings.

ESSAY XXVIII.

OF MEN AND MANNERS.

I.

THE arguments againſt pride drawn ſo frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumſtances, and cataſtrophe of our nature, are extremely trifling and inſignificant. Man is not proud as a ſpecies, but as an individual; not as comparing himſelf with other beings, but with his fellow-creatures.

II.

I have often thought that people draw many of their ideas of agreeableneſs, in regard to proportion, colour, &c. from their own perſons.

III.

It is happy enough that the ſame vices which impair one's fortune, frequently ruin our conſtitution, that the one may not ſurvive the other.

IV.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

V.

The word Folly is, perhaps, the pretticſt word in the language. Amuſement and Diverſion are good well-meaning words: but Paſtime is what never ſhould be uſed but in a bad-ſenſe: it is vile to ſay ſuch a thing is agreeable, becauſe it helps to paſs the time away.

VI.

Dancing in the rough is one of the moſt natural expreſſions of joy, and coincides with jumping. When it is regulated, it is merely *cum ratione inſanire*.

VII.

A plain, downright, open-hearted fellow's converſation, is as inſipid, ſays Sir Plume, as a play without a plot; it does not afford one the amuſement of thinking.

VIII.

The fortunate have many paraſites: Hope is the only one that vouchſafes attendance upon the wretched and the beggar.

IX.

A man of genius miſtaking his talent loſes the advantage of being diſtinguiſhed; a fool of being undiſtinguiſhed.

X.

Jealouſy is the fear or apprehenſion of ſuperiority: Envy our uneaſineſs under it.

XI.

What ſome people term Freedom is nothing elſe than a liberty of ſaying and doing diſagreeable things. It is but carrying the notion a little higher, and it would require us to break and have a head broken reciprocally without offence.

XII.

I cannot ſee why people are aſhamed to acknowledge their paſſion for popularity. The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

XIII.

The ridicule with which ſome people affect to triumph over their ſuperiors, is as though the moon under an eclipſe ſhould pretend to laugh at the ſun.

XIV.

Zealous men are ever diſplaying to you the ſtrength of their belief, while judicious men are ſhewing you the grounds of it.

XV.

I conſider your very teſty and quarrelſome people, in the ſame light as I do a loaded gun; which may by accident go off and kill one.

XVI.

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguiſher to a candle.

XVII.

Many perſons, when exalted, aſſume an inſolent humility, who behaved before with an inſolent haughtineſs.

XVIII.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

XIX. Men

XIX.

Men of fine parts, they ſay, are often proud; I anſwer, dull people are ſeldom ſo, and both act upon an appearance of reaſon.

XX.

It was obſerved of a moſt accompliſhed lady, that ſhe was withal ſo very modeſt, that one ſometimes thought ſhe neglected the praiſes of her wit, becauſe ſhe could depend on thoſe of her beauty; at other times, that ſhe ſlighted thoſe of her beauty, knowing ſhe might rely on thoſe of her wit.

XXI.

The only difference betwixt wine and ale ſeems to be that of chemic and galenic medicines.

XXII.

It is the reduplication or accumulation of compliments, that gives them their agreeableneſs: I mean, when, ſeeming to wander from the ſubject, you return to it again with greater force. As a common inſtance: 'I wiſh it was capable of a preciſe demonſtration how much I eſteem, love, and honour you, beyond all the rich, the gay, the great, of this ſublunary ſphere: but I believe that both divines and laymen will agree that the ſublimeſt and moſt valuable truths are oftentimes leaſt capable of demonſtration.'

XXIII.

It is a noble piece of policy that is uſed in ſome arbitrary governments, (but ſuitable to none other) to inſtil it into the minds of the people, that their Great Duke knoweth all things.

XXIV.

In a heavy oppreſſive atmoſphere, when the ſpirits ſink too low, the beſt cordial is to read over all the letters of one's friends.

XXV.

Pride and modeſty are ſometimes found to unite together in the ſame character: and the mixture is as ſalutary as that of wine and water. The worſt combination I know is that of avarice and pride; as the former naturally obſtructs the good that pride eventually produces. What I mean is, expence.

XXVI.

A great many tunes, by a variety of circumrotatory flouriſhes, put one in mind of a lark's deſcent to the ground.

XXVII.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, 'I am inclined to think ſo and ſo;' not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

XXVIII.

The firſt part of a newſpaper which an ill natured man examines, is, the liſt of bankrupts, and the bills of mortality.

XXIX.

The chief thing which induces men of ſenſe to uſe airs of ſuperiority, is the contemplation of coxcombs; that is, conceited fools; who would otherwiſe run away with the men of ſenſe's privileges.

XXX.

To be entirely engroſſed by antiquity, and as it were eaten up with ruſt, is a bad compliment to the preſent age.

XXXI.

Aſk to borrow ſixpence of the Muſes, and they tell you, at preſent they are out of caſh, but hereafter they will furniſh you with five thouſand pounds.

XXXII.

The argument againſt reſtraining our paſſions, becauſe we ſhall not always have it in our power to gratify them, is much ſtronger for their reſtraint, than it is for their indulgence.

XXXIII.

Few men, that would cauſe reſpect and diſtance merely, can ſay any thing by which their end will be ſo effectually anſwered as by ſilence.

XXXIV.

There is nothing more univerſally commended than a fine day; the reaſon is, that people can commend it without envy.

XXXV.

One may, modeſtly enough, calculate one's appearance for reſpect upon the road, where reſpect and convenience ſo remarkably coincide.

XXXVI.

Although a man cannot procure himſelf a title at pleaſure, he may vary the appellation he goes by, conſiderably, As, from Tom, to Mr. Thomas, to Mr. Muſgrove, to Thomas Muſgrove, Eſquire. And this by a behaviour of reſerve, or familiarity.

XXXVII.

For a man of genius to condeſcend in converſation with vulgar people, gives the ſenſation that a tall man feels on being forced to ſtoop in a low room.

XXXVIII.

There is nothing more univerſally prevalent than flattery. Perſons, who diſcover

diſcover the flatterer, do not always diſapprove him, becauſe he imagines them conſiderable enough to deſerve his applications. It is a tacit ſort of compliment that he eſteems them to be ſuch as are worth his while to flatter:

'And when I tell him he hates flattery,
'He ſays he does, being then moſt flattered.'
SHAKESPEARE.

XXXIX.

A perſon has ſometimes more public than private merit. Honorio and his family wore mourning for their anceſtor; but that of all the world was internal and ſincere.

Your plain domeſtic people, who talk of their humility and home-felt ſatisfactions, will in the ſame breath diſcover how much they envy a ſhining character. How is this conſiſtent?

'You are prejudiced,' ſays Pedanticus; 'I will not take your word, or 'your character of that man.'—'But 'the grounds of my prejudice are the 'ſource of my accuſation.'

A proud man's intimates are generally more attached to him, than the man of merit and humility can pretend his to be. The reaſon is, the former pays a greater compliment in his condeſcenſion.

The ſituation of a king is ſo far from being miſerable, as pedants term it; that, if a perſon have magnanimity, it is the happieſt I know; as he has aſſuredly the moſt opportunities of diſtinguiſhing merit, and conferring obligations.

XL.

Contemptæ dominus ſplendidior rei.

A man, a gentleman, evidently appears more conſiderable by ſeeming to deſpiſe his fortune, than a citizen and mechanic by his endeavours to magnify it.

XLI.

What man of ſenſe, for the benefit of coal-mines, would be plagued with colliers converſation!

XLII.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

XLIII.

Third thoughts often coincide with the firſt, and are generally the beſt grounded. We firſt reliſh nature and the country; then artificial amuſements, and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again.

XLIV.

While we labour to ſubdue our paſſions, we ſhould take care not to extinguiſh them. Subduing our paſſions, is diſengaging ourſelves from the world; to which, however, whilſt we reſide in it, we muſt always bear relation; and we may detach ourſelves to ſuch a degree as to paſs an uſeleſs and inſipid life, which we were not meant to do. Our exiſtence here is at leaſt one part of a ſyſtem.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind

XLV.

Anger and the thirſt of revenge are a kind of fever. Fighting, and law-ſuits, bleeding; at leaſt, an evacuation. The latter occaſions a diſſipation of money; the former of thoſe fiery ſpirits which cauſe a preternatural fermentation.

XLVI.

Were a man of pleaſure to arrive at the full extent of his ſeveral wiſhes, he muſt immediately feel himſelf miſerable. It is one ſpecies of deſpair to have no room to hope for any addition to one's happineſs.

His following wiſh muſt then be to wiſh he had ſome freſh object for his wiſhes. A ſtrong argument that our minds and bodies were both meant to be for ever active.

XLVII.

I have ſeen one evil underneath the ſun, which gives me particular mortification.

The reſerve or ſhyneſs of men of ſenſe generally confines them to a ſmall acquaintance: and they find numbers their avowed enemies, the ſimilarity of whoſe taſtes, had fortune brought them once acquainted, would have rendered them their fondeſt friends.

XLVIII.

A mere relator of matters of fact, is fit only for an evidence in a court of juſtice.

XLIX.

If a man be of ſuperior dignity to a woman, a woman is ſurely as much ſuperior to a man that is effeminated. Lilly's rule in the grammar has well enough adjuſted this ſubordination. 'The maſculine is more worthy than 'the feminine, and the feminine more 'wothy than the neuter.'

L.

A gentleman of fortune will be often complaining of taxes; that his eſtate is inconſiderable; that he can never make

ſo

ſo much of it as the world is ready to imagine. A mere citizen, on the other hand, is always aiming to ſhew his riches? ſays, that he employs ſo many hands; he keeps his wife a chaiſe and one; and talks much of his Chineſe ornaments at his paltry cake-houſe in the country. They both aim at praiſe, but of a very diſtinct kind. Now, ſuppoſing the Cit worth as much in money as the other is in land, the Gentleman ſurely chuſes the better method of oſtentation, who conſiders himſelf as ſuperior to his fortune, than he who ſeems to look up at his fortune, and conſequently ſets himſelf beneath it.

LI.

The only kind of revenge which a man of ſenſe need take upon a ſcoundrel, is, by a ſeries of worthy behaviour, to force him to admire and eſteem his enemy, and yet irritate his animoſity, by declining a reconciliation. As Sir John Falſtaff might ſay, 'turning even quarrels to commodity.'

LII.

It is poſſible, by means of glue, to connect two pieces of wood together; by a powerful cement, to join marble; by the mediation of a prieſt, to unite a man and woman; but of all aſſociations, the moſt effectual is betwixt an idiot and a knave. They become in a manner incorporate. The former ſeems ſo framed to admire and idolize the latter, that the latter may ſeize and devour him as his proper prey.

LIII.

The ſame degree of penetration that ſhews you another in the wrong, ſhews him alſo, in reſpect to that inſtance, your inferior: hence the obſervation, and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

LIV.

There is none can baffle men of ſenſe, but fools, on whom they can make no impreſſion.

LV.

The regard one ſhews œconomy, is like that we ſhew an old aunt who is to leave us ſomething at laſt. Our behaviour on this account is as much conſtrained as that

'Of one well-ſtudied in the ſad oſtent
'To pleaſe his grandam.' SHAKESP.

LVI.

Faſhion is a great reſtraint upon your perſons of taſte and fancy; who would otherwiſe, in the moſt trifling inſtances, be able to diſtinguiſh themſeves from the vulgar.

LVII.

A writer who pretends to poliſh the human underſtanding, may beg by the ſide of Rutter's chariot, who ſells a powder for the teeth.

LVIII.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty, ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The mere honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

LIX.

The proverb ought to run—'A fool 'and his words are ſoon parted; a man 'of genius and his money.'

LX.

A man of wit, genius, learning, is apt to think it ſomething hard, that men of no wit, no genius, no learning, ſhould have a greater ſhare of wealth and honours; not conſidering that their own accompliſhment ought to be reckoned to them as their equivalent. It is no reaſon that a perſon worth five thouſand pounds, ſhould on that account have a claim to twenty.

LXI.

A wife ought in reality to love her huſband above all the world; but this preference I think ſhould, in point of politeneſs, be concealed. The reaſon is, that it is diſguſting to ſee an amiable woman monopolized; and it is eaſy, by proper management, to wave (all I contend for) the appearance.

LXII.

There are ſome wounds given to reputation, that are like the wounds of an envenomed arrow: where we irritate and enlarge the orifice, while we extract the bearded weapon; yet cannot the cure be compleated otherwiſe.

LXIII.

Amongſt all the vain-glorious profeſſors of humility, you find none that will not diſcover how much they envy a ſhining character; and this either by cenſuring it themſelves, or ſhewing a ſatisfaction in ſuch as do. Now there is this advantage at leaſt ariſing from ambition that it diſpoſes one to diſregard a thouſand inſtances of middling grandeur; and reduces on's emulation to the narrow circle of a few that blaze. It is hence a convenient diſpoſition in a country place, where one is encompaſſed with ſuch as are merely richer, keep fine horſes, a table, footmen; make a decent figure

figure as rural eſquires; yet, after all, diſcover no more than an every-day plebeian character. Theſe a perſon of little ambition might envy; but another of a more extenſive one may, in any kind of circumſtances, diſregard.

LXIV.

It is with ſome men as with ſome horſes: what is eſteemed ſpirit in them, proceeds from fear. This was undoubtedly the ſource of that ſeeming ſpirit diſcovered by Tully, in regard to his antagoniſt M. Antony. He knew he muſt deſtroy him, or be deſtroyed himſelf.

LXV.

The ſame qualities, joined with virtue, often furniſh out a great man, which, united with a different principle, furniſh out an Highwayman; I mean, courage and ſtrong paſſions. And they may both join in the ſame expreſſion, though with a meaning ſomewhat varied——

Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo.

i. e. 'Be promoted, or be hanged.'

LXVI.

True Honour is to honeſty, what the court of Chancery is to common law.

LXVII.

Miſers, as death approaches, are heaping up a cheſt of reaſons to ſtand in more awe of him.

LXVIII.

A man ſooner finds out his own foibles in a ſtranger, than any other foibles.

LXIX.

It is favourable enough on the ſide of learning, that if an hiſtorian mentions a good author, it does not ſeem abſurd to ſtile him a great man: whereas the ſame phraſe would not be allowed to a mere illiterate nobleman.

LXX.

It is leſs wonderful to ſee a wretched man commence an hero, than an happy one.

LXXI.

An high-ſpirit has often very different and even contrary effects. It ſometimes operates no otherwiſe than like the *vis inertiæ*; at others, it induces men to buſtle and make their part good among their ſuperiors. As Mr. Pope ſays—

Some plunge in buſineſs, others ſhave their crowns.

It is by no means leſs forcible, when it withdraws a man from the company of thoſe with whom he cannot converſe on equal terms; it leads him into ſolitude, that, if he cannot appear their equal, he may at leaſt conceal his inferiority. It is ſullen, obſtinate, diſdainful, haughty, in no leſs a degree than the other; but is, perhaps, more genteel, and leſs citizen-like. Sometimes the other ſucceeds, and then it is eſteemed preferable; but, in caſe it fail, it not only expoſes a perſon's meanneſs, but his impatience under it; both of which the reſerved ſpirit is able to diſguiſe—but then it ſtands no chance of removing. *Pudor malus ulcera celat.*

LXXII.

Every ſingle inſtance of a friend's inſincerity encreaſes our dependence on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an external reſpect, when one is diſappointed of that which is internal and ſincere. This, perhaps, with decaying paſſions, contributes to render age covetous.

LXXIII.

When phyſicians write of diſeaſes, the prognoſtics and the diagnoſtics, the ſymptoms and the paroxyſms, they give one fatal apprehenſions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you ſeem to have no other difficulty but to decide by which means you would recover. In ſhort, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

LXXIV.

One ſhould no more truſt to the ſkill of moſt apothecaries, than one would aſk the opinion of their peſtle and mortar; yet both are uſeful in their way.

LXXV.

I believe there was never ſo reſerved a ſolitary, but felt ſome degree of pleaſure at the firſt glimpſe of an human figure. The ſoul, however unconſcious of it's ſocial bias in a crowd, will in ſolitude feel ſome attraction towards the firſt perſon that we meet.

LXXVI.

In courts, the motion of the body is eaſy, and thoſe of the ſoul conſtrained: in the country, the geſtures of the body are conſtrained, and thoſe of the ſoul ſupine and careleſs.

LXXVII.

One may eaſily enough guard againſt

ambition till five-and-twenty. It is not ambition's day.

LXXVIII.

It ſhould ſeem that indolence itſelf would incline a perſon to be honeſt; as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

LXXIX.

Perhaps ruſtics, boors, and eſquires, make a principal figure in the country, as inanimates are always allowed to be the chief figures in a landſkip.

LXXX.

Titles make a greater diſtinction than is almoſt tolerable to a Britiſh ſpirit. They almoſt vary the ſpecies; yet as they are oftentimes conferred, ſeem not ſo much the reward, as the ſubſtitutes of merit.

LXXXI.

What numbers live to the age of fifty or ſixty years, yet, if eſtimated by their merit, are not worth the price of a chick, the moment it is hatched.

LXXXII.

A liar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

LXXXIII.

Fools are very often found united in the ſtricteſt intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the moſt cloſely glued together.

LXXXIV.

Perſons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth. There are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpenſe, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

LXXXV.

High-ſpirit in a man, is like a ſword; which though worn to annoy his enemies, yet is often troubleſome in a leſs degree to his friends. He can hardly wear it ſo inoffenſively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company. It is more properly a loaded piſtol, which accident alone may fire, and kill one.

LXXXVI.

A miſer, if honeſt, can be only honeſt bare-weight.

Avarice is the moſt oppoſite of all characters to that of God Almighty, whoſe alone it is, to give and not receive.

A miſer grows rich by ſeeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by ſeeming rich.

A graſshopper is, perhaps, the beſt device for coat-armour of thoſe who would be thought aborigines; agreeable to the Athenian uſe of them.

Immoderate aſſurance is perfect licentiouſneſs.

When a perſon is ſo far engaged in a diſpute as to wiſh to get the victory, he ought ever to deſiſt. The idea of conqueſt will ſo dazzle him, that it is hardly poſſible he ſhould diſcern the truth.

I have ſometimes thought the mind ſo calculated, that a ſmall degree of force may impel it to a certain pitch of pleaſure or of pain; beyond which it will not paſs, by any impetus whatſoever.

I doubt whether it be not true, that we hate thoſe faults moſt in others which we are guilty of ourſelves.

A man of thorough ſenſe ſcarce admires even any one; but he muſt be an idiot that is the admirer of a fool.

It may be prudent to give up the more trivial parts of character for the amuſement of the invidious; as a man willingly relinquiſhes his ſilver to ſave his gold from an highwayman. Better be ridiculed for an untoward peruke, than be attacked on the ſcore of morals, as one would be rather pulled by the hair than ſtabbed to the heart.

Virtue ſeems to be nothing more than a motion conſonant to the ſyſtem of things. Were a planet to fly from it's orbit, it would repreſent a vicious man.

It is difficult not to be angry at beings we know incapable of acting otherwiſe than they do. One ought no more, if one reflects, to be angry at the ſtupidity of a man than of a horſe, except it be vincible and voluntary; and yet the practice is otherwiſe.

People ſay, 'Do not regard what he 'ſays, now he is in liquor.' Perhaps it is the only time he ought to be regarded. *Aperit præcordia Liber.*

Patience is the Panacea, but where does it grow, or who can ſwallow it?

Wits uniformly exclaim againſt fools, yet fools are their proper foil; and it is from them alone they can learn what figure themſelves make. Their behaviour naturally falls in with the generality, and furniſhes a better mirror than that of artful people, who are ſure enough to deceive you either on the favourable or the ill-natured ſide.

We

We ſay, he is a man of ſenſe who acknowledges the ſame truths that we do; that he is a man of taſte who allows the ſame beauties. We conſider him as a perſon of better ſenſe and finer taſte, who diſcerns more truths and more beauties in conjunction with ourſelves: but we allow neither appellation to the man who differs from us.

We deal out our genuine eſteem to our equals; our affection for thoſe beneath us; and a reluctant ſort of reſpect to thoſe that are above us.

Glory relaxes often and debilitates the mind; cenſure ſtimulates and contracts—both to an extreme. Simple fame is, perhaps, the proper medium.

Perſons of new families do well to make magnificent funerals, ſumptuous weddings, remarkable entertainments; to exhibit a number of ſervants in rich and oſtentatious liveries; and to take every public occaſion of imprinting on the mob an habitual notion of their ſuperiority. For ſo is deference obtained from that quarter:

Stupet in titulis & imaginibus.

One ſcarce ſees how it is poſſible for a country girl or a country fellow to preſerve their chaſtity. They have neither the philoſophical pleaſure of books, nor the luxurious pleaſure of a table, nor the refined amuſement of building, planting, drawing, or deſigning, to divert their imagination from an object to which they ſeem continually to ſtimulate it by provocative illuſions. Add to this the health and vigour that are almoſt peculiar to them.

I am afraid there are many ladies who only exchange the pleaſures of incontinence for the pleaſure they derive from cenſure. At leaſt it is no injuſtice to conclude ſo, where a perſon is extravagantly cenſorious.

Perſons of judgment and underſtanding may be divided into two ſorts. Thoſe whoſe judgment is ſo extenſive as to comprehend a great deal; exiſtences, ſyſtems, univerſals: but as there are ſome eyes ſo conſtituted as to take in diſtant objects, yet be excelled by others in regard to objects minute or near, ſo there are other underſtandings better calculated for the examination of particular objects.

The mind is at firſt an open field without partitions or encloſures. To make it turn to moſt account, it is very proper to divide and encloſe. In other words, to ſort our obſervations.

Some men are called ſagacious, merely on account of their avarice: whereas a child can clench it's fiſt the moment it is born.

It is a point of prudence, when you converſe with your inferior, to conſider yourſelf as converſing with his inferior, with whom no doubt he may have the ſame connection that you have with him: and to be upon your guard accordingly.

How deplorable then is a perſon's condition, when his mind can only be ſupported by flattery, and his conſtitution but by cordials! when the relief of his preſent complaint undermines it's own efficacy, yet increaſes the occaſion for which it is uſed! Short is then the duration of our tranquillity, or of our lives.

A man is not eſteemed ill-natured for any exceſs of ſocial affection; or an indiſcreet profuſion of his fortune upon his neighbours, companions, or friends; although the true meaſure of his affections is as much impaired by this, as by ſelfiſhneſs.

If any one's curſe can effect damnation; it is not that of the pope, but that of the poor.

People of the fineſt and moſt lively genius have the greateſt ſenſibility, of conſequence the moſt lively paſſions; the violence of which puts their conduct upon a footing with that of fools. Fools diſcern the weakneſſes which they have in common with themſelves; but are not ſenſible of their excellencies; to which they have no pretenſions; of courſe, always inclined to diſpute the ſuperiority.

Wit is the refractory pupil of judgment.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte, (and perhaps it is ſo more in this age, than in any preceding one) and ſhould as much avoid deceit or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as they would do puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any one, what would probably become your ſentiments ſhould he die during the diſpute.

The man of a towering ambition, or a well regulated taſte, has fewer objects to envy or to covet than the grovellers.

Refined ſenſe, to a perſon that is to converſe alone with boors, is a manifeſt

inconvenience. As Falſtaff ſays, (with ſome little variation)

> Company, witty company, has been the ruin of me.

If envious people were univerſally to aſk themſelves, whether they would exchange their entire ſituations with the perſons envied, (I mean their minds, paſſions, notions, as well as their perſons, fortunes, dignities, &c. &c.) I will preſume the ſelf-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition:

Quid ſtatis? nolint—atque licet eſſe beatis.

If this rule were applied, as it ſurely ought to be, it bids fair to prove an univerſal cure for envy:

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret—Self-denial.

A perſon, elevated one degree above the populace, aſſumes more airs of ſuperiority than one that is raiſed ten. The reaſon is ſomewhat obvious. His ſuperiority is more conteſtable.

The character of a decent, well-behaved gentleman-like man, ſeems more eaſily attainable by a perſon of no great part or paſſions, than by one of greater genius and more volatility. It is there no miſmanagement, for the former to be chiefly ambitious of it. When a man's capacity does not enable him to entertain or animate the company, it is the beſt he can do to render himſelf inoffenſive, and to keep his teeth clean. But the perſon who has talents for diſcourſe, and a paſſionate deſire to enliven converſation, ought to have many improprieties excuſed, which in the other were unpardonable. A lady of good-nature would forgive the blunder of a country eſquire, who, through zeal to ſerve her with a glaſs of claret, ſhould involve his ſpurs in her bruſſels apron. On the contrary, the fop (who may in ſome ſenſe uſe the words of Horace—

> *Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et*
> ——*omnis in hoc ſum*)

would be entitled to no pardon for ſuch unaccountable miſconduct.

Man, in general, may be conſidered as a mechanic, and the formation of happineſs as his buſineſs or employment: virtue, his repoſitory or collection of inſtruments; the goods of fortune as his materials: in proportion as the workman, the inſtruments, and the materials, excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

The ſilly cenſorious are the very *fel naturæ*, 'the moſt bitter of all bitter 'things;' from the hyſſop that grows upon the wall, to the ſatyriſt that piſſes againſt it.

I have known a ſenſible man of opinion that one ſhould not be ſolicitous about a wife's underſtanding. A woman's ſenſe was with him a phraſe to expreſs a degree of knowledge, which was likely to contribute mighty little to a huſband's happineſs. I cannot be of his opinion. I am convinced, that as judgment is the portion of our ſex, ſo fancy and imagination are more eminently the lot of theirs. If ſo, after honeſty of heart, what is there we ſhould ſo much require? A wife's beauty will ſoon decay, it is doubtful whether in reality firſt, or in our own opinion. Either of theſe is ſufficient to pall the raptures of enjoyment. We are then to ſeek for ſomething that will retain it's novelty; or, what is equivalent, will change it's ſhape when her perſon palls by it's identity. Fancy and genius bid faireſt for this, which have as many ſhapes, as there can happen occaſions to exert them. Good-nature, I always ſuppoſe. The former will be expedient to exhilarate and divert us; the latter to preſerve our minds in a temper to be diverted.

I have known ſome attornies of reputable families, and whoſe original diſpoſitions ſeemed to have been open and humane. Yet can I ſcarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the Chriſtian, and even the man, was not ſwallowed up in the lawyer: they are not only the greateſt tyrants, but the greateſt pedants of all mankind.

Reconciliation is the tendereſt part either of friendſhip or of love; the latter more eſpecially, in which the ſoul is more remarkably ſoftened. Were a perſon to make uſe of art in procuring the affection of his miſtreſs, it were, perhaps, his moſt effectual method to contrive a ſlight eſtrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The ſoul here diſcovers a kind of elaſticity; and, being forced back, returns with an additional violence.

Virtue may be conſidered as the only means

means of diſpenſing happineſs in proper proportions to every moment of our time.

To judge whether one has ſufficient pleaſure to render the continuation of life agreeable, it is not enough to ſay, 'Would you die?' Take away firſt the hope of better ſcenes in this life, the fears of worſe in another, and the bodily pain of dying.

The fear of death ſeems as natural as the ſenſation of luſt or of hunger: the firſt and laſt, for the preſervation of the individual; the other, for the continuation of the ſpecies.

It ſeems obvious that God, who created the world, intends the happineſs and perfection of the ſyſtem he created. To effect the happineſs of the whole, ſelf-love, in it's degree, is as requiſite as ſocial; for I am myſelf a part of that whole, as well as another. The difficulty of aſcertaining what is virtue, lies in proportioning the degrees of ſelf-love and ſocial. *Proximus ſum egomet mihi—Tunica pallio propior.* 'Charity begins at home.' It is ſo. It ought to be ſo; nor is there any inconvenience ariſes to the public becauſe it is general. Were this away, the individual muſt ſoon periſh, and conſequently the whole body. A man has every moment occaſion to exert his ſelf-love for the ſake of ſelf-preſervation; conſequently this ought to be ſtronger, in order to keep him upon his guard. A centinel's attention ſhould be greater than that of a ſoldier on a review.

The ſocial, though alike conſtant, is not equally intenſe; becauſe the ſelfiſh, being univerſal, renders the ſocial leſs eſſential to the well-being of one's neighbour. In ſhort, the ſelf-love and the ſocial ought to bear ſuch proportion as we find they generally do. If the ſelfiſh paſſion of the reſt preponderate, it would be ſelf-deſtructive in a few individuals to be over-ſocially diſpoſed. If the ſocial one prevails generally, to be of remarkable ſelfiſhneſs muſt obſtruct the good of ſociety.

Many feel a ſuperfluous uneaſineſs for want of due attention to the following truth.

We are oftentimes in ſuſpence betwixt the choice of different purſuits. We chuſe one at laſt doubtingly, and with an unconquered hankering after the other. We find the ſcheme, which we have choſen, anſwer our expectation but indifferently. Moſt worldly projects will. We, therefore, repent of our choice, and immediately fancy happineſs in the paths which we decline and this heightens our uneaſineſs. We might at leaſt eſcape the aggravation of it. It is not improbable we had been more unhappy, but extremely probable we had not been leſs ſo, had we made a different deciſion. This, however, relates to ſchemes that are neither virtuous nor vicious.

'Happy dogs,' ſays a certain ſplenetic, 'our footman and the populace!' 'Farewell,' ſays Eſop, in Vanbrugh, 'whom I both envy and deſpiſe!' The ſervant meets with hundreds whoſe converſation can amuſe him, for one that is the leaſt qualified to be a companion for his maſter.

'A perſon cannot eat his cake and 'have it,' is, as Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, a proper anſwer to many ſplenetic people. But what imports it to be in the poſſeſſion of a cake that you do not eat? 'If then the cake be made to 'be eaten,' ſays Lady L——, 'better 'eat it when you are moſt hungry.' Poor woman! ſhe ſeems to have acted by this maxim, but yet could not avoid crying for the cake ſhe had eaten.

You ſhould calculate your appearance for the place where you reſide. One would rather be a very Knight in the country than His honour Mr. Such-a-one.

The moſt conſummate ſelfiſhneſs would incline a perſon, at his death, to diſpoſe of his effects agreeably to duty; that he may ſecure an intereſt in the world to which he is going.

A juſtice and his clerk is now a little more than a blind man and his dog. The profound ignorance of the former, together with the canine impudence and rapacity of the latter, will but rarely be found wanting to vindicate the compariſon. The principal part of the ſimilitude will appear obvious to every one; I mean, that the juſtice is as much dependent on his clerk for ſuperior inſight and implicit guidance, as the blind fellow on his cur that leads him in a ſtring. Add to this, that the offer of a cruſt will ſeduce the conductors of either to drag their maſters into a kennel.

To remark the different figure made by different perſons, under the ſame circumſtances of fortune! Two friends of mine upon a journey had ſo contrived as to reduce their finances to a ſingle ſixpence

pence each. The one, with the genteel and liberal air of abundance, gave his to a black-ſhoe-boy, who wiſhed his honour a thouſand bleſſings; the other, having lodged a fortnight with a nobleman that was his patron, offered his to the butler, as an inſtance of his gratitude, who with difficulty forbore to curſe him to his face.

A glaſs or two of wine extraordinary only raiſes a valetudinarian to that warmth of ſocial affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better ſtate of health.

Deference is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

Be cautious not to conſider a perſon as your ſuperior, merely becauſe he is your ſuperior in the point of aſſurance. This has often depreſſed the ſpirit of a perſon of deſert and diffidence.

A proper aſſurance, and competent fortune, are eſſential to liberty.

Taſte is purſued at a leſs expence than faſhion.

Our time in towns ſeems ſhort to paſs, and long to reflect upon; in the country, the reverſe.

Deference, before company, is the gentleeleſt kind of flattery. The flattery of epiſtles affects one leſs, as they cannot be ſhewn without an appearance of vanity. Flattery of the verbal kind is groſs. In ſhort, applauſe is of too coarſe a nature to be ſwallowed in the groſs, though the extract or tincture be ever ſo agreeable.

When a perſon, for a ſplendid ſervitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you pleaſe; but it appears to me an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than Tokay.

Though punctilios are trifling, they may be as important as the friendſhip of ſome perſons that regard them. Indeed, it is almoſt an univerſal practice to rail at punctilio; and it ſeems in ſome meaſure a conſequence of our attachment to French faſhions. However, it is extremely obvious, that punctilio never cauſed half the quarrels that have riſen from the freedom of behaviour, which is it's oppoſite extreme. Were all men rational and civilized, the uſe of ceremony would be ſuperfluous: but as the caſe is, it at leaſt fixes ſome bounds to the encroachments of eccentric people, who, under the denomination of freedom, might demand the privilege of breaking your head.

There ſeem near as many people that want paſſion as want reaſon.

The world would be more happy, if perſons gave up more time to an intercourſe of friendſhip. But money engroſſes all our deference; and we ſcarce enjoy a ſocial hour, becauſe we think it unjuſtly ſtolen from the main buſineſs of our lives.

The ſtate of man is not unlike that of a fiſh hooked by an angler. Death allows us a little line. We flounce, and ſport, and vary our ſituation: but when we would extend our ſchemes we diſcover our confinement, checked and limited by a ſuperior hand, who drags us from our element whenſoever he pleaſes.

The vulgar trace your faults; thoſe you have in common with themſelves: but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretenſions.

A perſon is ſomething taller by holding up his head.

A man of ſenſe can be adequately eſteemed by none other than a man of ſenſe: a fool by none but a fool. We ought to act upon this principle.

How melancholy is it to travel, late and fatigued, upon any ambitious project, on a winter's night; and obſerve the lights of cottages, where all the unambitious people are warm and happy, or at reſt in their beds. 'Some of them,' ſays W——, 'as wretched as princes, 'for aught we know to the contrary.'

It is generally a principle of indolence that makes one ſo diſguſted with an artful character. We hate the confinement of ſtanding centinels in our own defence.

To behave with complaiſance, where one foreſees one muſt needs quarrel, is like eating before a vomit.

Some perſons may with juſtice boaſt, that they knew as much as others when they were but ten years old: and that their preſent knowledge comprehends after the manner that a larger trunk contains the ſmaller ones it encloſes.

It is poſſible to diſcover in ſome face the features Nature intended, had ſhe not been ſomehow thwarted in her operations. Is it not eaſy to remark the ſame diſtorſion in ſome minds? There is a phraſe pretty frequent amongſt the vulgar,

vulgar, and which they apply to abſolute fools—That they have had a rock too much in their cradles. With me, it is a moſt expreſſive idiom to deſcribe a diſlocated underſtanding: an underſtanding, for inſtance, which like a watch diſcovers a multitude of ſuch parts as appear obviouſly intended to belong to a ſyſtem of the greateſt perfection; yet which, by ſome unlucky jumble, falls infinitely ſhort of it.

Is it not the wound our pride ſuſtains by being deceived, that makes us more averſe to hypocrites, than to the moſt audacious and barefaced villain? Yet it ſeems as much a piece of juſtice to commend a man for talking more honeſtly than he acts, as it is to blame a man for acting more diſhoneſtly than he talks. The ſum of the whole, however, is, that the one adds to other crimes by his deceit, and the other by his impudence.

A fool can neither eat, nor drink, nor ſtand, nor walk; nor, in ſhort, laugh, nor cry, nor take ſnuff, like a man of ſenſe. How obvious the diſtinction!

Independency may be found in comparative, as well as abſolute, abundance: I mean where a perſon contracts his deſires within the limits of his fortune.

There are very few perſons who do not loſe ſomething of their eſteem for you, upon your approach to familiarity.

The ſilly excuſe that is often drawn from want of time to correſpond, becomes no one beſides a cobler with ten or a dozen children dependent on a tatching end.

One, perhaps, ought to make funerals as ſumptuous as poſſible, or as private: either by obſcurity to elude, or by ſplendor to employ, the attention, that it may not be engaged by the moſt ſhocking circumſtance of our humanity.

It happens a little unluckily, that the perſons who have the moſt intimate contempt of money are the ſame that have the ſtrongeſt appetites for the pleaſures it procures.

We are apt to look for thoſe virtues in the characters of noblemen, that are but rarely to be found any where, except in the preambles to their patents. Some ſhining exceptions may be made to this rule: in general we may conſider their appearance with us in public, as one does our wearing apparel. 'Which 'lord do you wear to day?'—'Why I 'did think to wear my Lord * * * *; 'but, as there will be little company 'in the Mall, I will e'en content my-'ſelf to wear the ſame noble peer I 'wore yeſterday.'

The worſt inconvenience of a ſmall fortune is, that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of moſt men's yearly accounts, and a ſum as regularly allotted to it as to any other article.

It is with our judgments, as with our eyes. Some can ſee objects at a greater diſtance more diſtinctly, at the ſame time leſs diſtinctly than others the objects that are near them.

Notwithſtanding the airs men give themſelves, I believe no one ſees family to more advantage, than the perſons that have no ſhare in it.

How important is the eye to the appearance of an human face! the chief index of temper, underſtanding, health, and love! What prodigious influence muſt the ſame misfortunes have on ſome perſons beyond others! as the loſs of an eye to a mere inſolent beauty, without the leaſt philoſophy to ſupport herſelf.

The perſon leaſt reſerved in his cenſure of another's exceſs in equipage, is commonly the perſon who would exhibit the ſame if it had been within his power; the ſource of both being a diſregard to decorum. Likewiſe he that violently arraigns or fondly indulges it, agree in conſidering it a little too ſeriouſly.

Amid the moſt mercenary ages, it is but a ſecondary ſort of admiration that is beſtowed upon magnificence.

An order of beauties, as of knights, with a ſtyle appropriated to them, (as, for inſtance, To the Right Beautiful Lady Such-a-one) would have as good a foundation as any other claſs, but would, at the ſame time, be the moſt invidious of any order that was ever inſtituted.

The firſt maxim a child is taught, is, that—

Learning is better than houſe and land;

but how little is it's influence as he grows to maturity!

There is ſomewhat very aſtoniſhing in the record of our moſt celebrated victories: I mean, the ſmall number of the conquerors killed in proportion to the conquered.

conquered. At Agincourt, it is ſaid, were ten thouſand, and fourteen thouſand maſſacred. Livy's accounts of this ſort are ſo aſtoniſhing, that one is apt to diſbelieve the hiſtorian. All the explanation one can find, is, that the groſs ſlaughter is made when one ſide takes to flight.

A perſon that is diſpoſed to throw off all reſerve before an inferior, ſhould reflect, that he has alſo his inferiors, to whom he may be equally communicative.

It is impoſſible for a man of ſenſe to guard againſt the mortification that may be given him by fools, or heteroclite characters; becauſe he cannot foreſee them. A wit-would cannot afford to diſcard a frivolous conceit, though it tends to affront you: an old maid, a country put, or a college pedant, will ignorantly or wilfully blunder upon ſuch hints as muſt diſcompoſe you.

A man that is ſolicitous about his health, or apprehenſive of ſome acute diſorder, ſhould write a journal of his conſtitution, for the better inſtruction of his phyſician.

Ghoſts have no more connection with darkneſs, than the myſtery of a barber with that of a ſurgeon; yet we find they go together. Perhaps Nox and Chaos were their mythological parents.

He makes a lady but a poor recompence who marries her, becauſe he has kept her company long after his affection is eſtranged. Does he not rather encreaſe the injury?

Second thoughts oftentimes are the very worſt of all thoughts. Firſt and third very often coincide. Indeed, ſecond thoughts are too frequently formed by the love of novelty, of ſhewing penetration, of diſtinguiſhing ourſelves from the mob, and have conſequently leſs of ſimplicity, and more of affectation. This, however, regards principally objects of taſte and fancy. Third thoughts, at leaſt, are here very proper mediators.

'Set a beggar on horſeback, and he'll 'ride,' is a common proverb and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and conſequently muſt purchaſe finery before he knows the emptineſs of it experimentally. The eſtabliſhed gentleman diſregards it, through habit and familiarity.

The foppery of love-verſes, when a perſon is ill and indiſpoſed, is perfect ipecacuanha.

Antiquity of family, and diſtinctions of gentry, have, perhaps, leſs weight in this age, than they had ever heretofore: the bend dexter or ſiniſter; the chief, the canton, or the cheveron, are greatly out of date. The heralds are at length diſcovered to have no legal authority. Spain, indeed, continues to preſerve the diſtinction, and is poor. France (by their diſpute about trading nobility) ſeems inclined to ſhake it off. Who now looks with veneration on the ante-diluvian pedigree of a Welchman? Property either is, or is ſure to purchaſe diſtinction, let the king at arms, or the old maiden aunt, preach as long as either pleaſes. It is ſo; perhaps it ought to be ſo. All honours ſhould lie open, all encouragement be allowed to the members of trade in a trading nation: and as the nobility find it very expedient to partake of their profits, ſo they, in return, ſhould obtain a ſhare in the others honours. One would, however, wiſh the acquiſition of learning was as ſure a road to dignity as that of riches.

ESSAY XXIX.

OF BOOKS AND WRITERS.

IT is often aſſerted, by pretenders to ſingular penetration, that the aſſiſtance fancy is ſuppoſed to draw from wine, is merely imaginary and chemerical; that all which the poets have urged on this head is abſolute rant and enthuſiaſm; and has no foundation in truth or nature. I am inclined to think otherwiſe. Judgment, I readily allow, derives no benefit from the nobleſt cordial. But perſons of phlegmatic conſtitutions have thoſe excellencies often ſuppreſſed, of which their imagination is truly capable by reaſon of a lentor, which wine may naturally remove. It raiſes low ſpirits to a pitch neceſſary for the exertion of fancy. It contures the *non eſt tanti*, ſo frequently a maxim with ſpeculative perſons. It quickens that ambition, or that ſocial bias, which makes a perſon wiſh to ſhine, or to pleaſe. Aſk what tradition ſays of Mr. Addiſon's converſation

But inſtances in point of converſation come with every one's obſervance. Why, then, may it not be allowed to produce the ſame effects in writing?

The affected phraſes I hate moſt, are thoſe on which your half-wits found their reputation. Such as, Pretty trifler, Fair plaintive, Lovely architect, &c.

Doctor Young has a ſurpriſing knack of bringing thoughts from a diſtance, from their lurking-places, in a moment's time.

There is nothing ſo diſagreeable in works of humour as an inſipid, unſupported vivacity; the very huſks of drollery; bottled ſmall-beer; a man outriding his horſe; lewdneſs and impotence; a fiery actor in a phlegmatic ſcene; an illiterate and ſtupid preacher diſcourſing upon Urim and Thummim, and beating the pulpit-cuſhion in ſuch a manner, as though he would make the duſt and the truth fly out of it at once.

An editor, or a tranſlator, collects the merits of different writers; and, forming all into a wreath, beſtows it on his author's tomb. The thunder of Demoſthenes, the weight of Tully, the judgment of Tacitus, the elegance of Livy, the ſublimity of Homer, the majeſty of Virgil, the wit of Ovid, the propriety of Horace, the accuracy of Terence, the brevity of Phædrus, and the poignancy of Juvenal, (with every name of note he can poſſibly recall to mind) are given to ſome antient ſcribbler, in whom affectation, and the love of novelty, diſpoſes him to find out beauties.

Humour and Vanburgh againſt Wit and Congreve.

The vacant ſkull of a pedant generally furniſhes out a throne and temple for vanity.

May not the cuſtom of ſcraping when we bow, be derived from the ancient cuſtom of throwing their ſhoes backwards, off their feet?

'A bird in the air ſhall carry the tale, 'and that which hath wings ſhall tell 'the matter.' Such is alſo the preſent phraſe—'A little bird told it me,' ſays nurſe.

The preference which ſome give to Virgil before Homer, is often owing to complexion: ſome are more formed to enjoy the grand; and others, the beautiful. But as for invention and ſublimity, the moſt ſhining qualities of imagination, there is ſurely no compariſon between them. Yet I enjoy Virgil more.

Agreeable ideas riſe, in proportion as they are drawn from inanimates, from vegetables, from animals, and from human creatures.

One reaſon why the ſound is ſometimes an echo to the ſenſe, is, that the pleaſanteſt objects have often the moſt harmonious names annexed to them.

A man of a merely argumentative caſt will read poetry as proſe; will only regard the quantum it contains of ſolid reaſoning: juſt as a clown attacks a deſſert, conſidering it as ſo much victuals, and regardleſs of thoſe lively or emblematical decorations which the cook, for many ſleepleſs nights, has endeavoured to beſtow upon it.

Notwithſtanding all that Rouſſeau has advanced ſo very ingeniouſly upon plays and players, their profeſſion is, like that of a painter, one of the imitative arts, whoſe means are pleaſure, and whoſe end is virtue. They both alike, for a ſubſiſtence, ſubmit themſelves to public opinion: and the diſhonour that has attended the laſt profeſſion, ſeems not eaſily accountable.

As there are evidently words in Engliſh poetry that have all the force of a dactyle, and, if properly inſerted, have no ſmall beauty on that account, it ſeems abſurd to contract, or print them otherwiſe than at length.

'The looſe wall tottering o'er the trembling
'ſhade.' *Ogilvy's Day of Judgment.*

'Trembling' has alſo the force of a dactyle in a leſs degree—but cannot be written otherwiſe.

I have ſometimes thought Virgil ſo remarkably muſical, that were his lines read to a muſician, wholly ignorant of the language, by a perſon of capacity to give each word it's proper accent, he would not fail to diſtinguiſh in it all the graces of harmony.

I think, I can obſerve a peculiar beauty in the addition of a ſhort ſyllable, at the end of a blank verſe: I mean, however, in blank dialogue. In other poetry it is as ſure to flatten; which may be diſcerned in Prior's tranſlation of Callimachus, viz. 'The holy victim—'Dictæan, hearſt thŏu—Birth, Great 'Rheă—Inferior Reptĭle—' &c. &c. for the tranſlation abounds with them; and is rendered by that means proſaic.

The caſe is only, proſe being an imitation of common life, the nature of an ode requires that it ſhould be lifted ſome degrees higher.

But in dialogue, the language ought never to leave nature the leaſt out of ſight; and eſpecially where pity is to be produced, it appears to receive an advantage from the melancholy flow this ſyllable occaſions. Let me produce a few inſtances from Otway's tragedy of the Unhappy Marriage; and, in order to form a judgment, let the reader ſubſtitute a word of equal import, but of a ſyllable leſs, in the place of the inſtances I produce. (Some inſtances are numberleſs, where they familiarize and give an eaſe to dialogue.)

——Sure my ill fate's upon mĕ.

—Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave,
With my poor parents, and at reſt as they
ăre?

—I never ſee you now—you have been kindĕr.

—Why was I made with all my ſex's ſoftneſs.
Yet want the cunning to conceal it's follies?
I'll ſee Caſtalio—tax him with his falſhood.

—Should you charge rough,
I ſhould but weep, and anſwer you with ſobbing.

—When thou art from me, every place is deſĕrt.

——Surely Paradiſe is round me,
And every ſenſe is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee ſpeak might calm a madman's
frenzy,
'Till, by attention, he forgot his ſorrows.

—'Till good men wiſh him dead—or I offend him.

—And hang upon you like a drowning creature.

—Cropt this fair roſe and rifled all its ſweetneſs.

—Give me Chamont, and let the world forſake mĕ.

——I've drank an healing draught
For all my cares, and never more ſhall wrong
thĕe.

—When I'm laid low in the cold grave forgotten,
May you be happy in a fairer bride,
But none can ever love you like Monimia.

I ſhould imagine, that, in ſome or moſt of theſe examples, a particular degree of tenderneſs is owing to the ſupernumerary ſyllable; yet it requires a nice ear for the diſpoſition of it (for it muſt not be univerſal;) and, with this, may give at once an harmonious flow, a natural eaſe, an energy, tenderneſs, and variety to the language.

A man of dry ſound judgment attends to the truth of the propoſition—a man of ear and ſenſibility to the muſic of the verſification. A man of a well regulated taſte finds the former more deeply imprinted on him, by the judicious management of the latter.

It ſeems to me, that what are called notes at the bottom of pages (as well as parentheſes in writing) might be generally avoided without injuring the thread of a diſcourſe. It is true, it might require ſome addreſs to interweave them gracefully into the text; but how much more agreeable would be the effect, than to interrupt the reader by ſuch frequent avocation? How much more graceful, to play a tune upon one ſet of keys, with varied ſtops, than to ſeek the ſame variety, by an awkward motion from one ſett to another.

It bears a little hard upon our candour, that 'to take to pieces,' in our language, ſignifies the ſame as 'to expoſe;' and 'to expoſe,' has a ſignification, which good-nature can as little allow, as can the laws of etymology.

The ordinary letters from friend to friend ſeem capable of receiving a better turn, than mere compliment, frivolous intelligence, or profeſſions of friendſhip continually repeated. The eſtabliſhed maxim, to correſpond with eaſe, has almoſt excluded every uſeful ſubject. But may not exceſs of negligence diſcover affectation, as well as it's oppoſite extreme? There are many degrees of intermediate ſolidity betwixt a Weſtphalia ham and a whipt ſyllabub.

I am aſtoniſhed to remark the defect of ear which ſome tolerably harmonious poets diſcover in their Alexandrines. It ſeems wonderful, that an error ſo obvious, and ſo very diſguſtful to a nice ear, would occur ſo frequently as the following:

'What ſeraph e'er could preach
'So choice a lecture as his wond'rous vir-
'tue's lore?

The pauſe being after the ſixth ſyllable, it is plain the whole emphaſis of pronunciation is thrown upon the particle AS. It ſeems moſt amazing to me, that this ſhould be ſo common a blunder.

Simplex munditiis * has been eſteemed univerſally to be a phraſe at once very

* Dr. Lancaſter being aſked haſtily his idea of this expreſſion, anſwered, *Quakerly.*

expreſſive,

expreſſive, and of very difficult interpretation: at leaſt, not very capable to be explained without circumlocution. What objection can we make to that ſingle word, 'elegant,' which excludes the glare and multiplicity of ornaments on one ſide, as much as it does dirt and ruſticity on the other?

The French uſe the word 'naïve,' in ſuch a ſenſe as to be explained by no Engliſh word; unleſs we will ſubmit to reſtrain ourſelves in the application of the word 'ſentimental.' It means the language of paſſion, or the heart, in oppoſition to the language of reflection and the head.

The moſt frequent miſtake that is made, ſeems to be that of the means for the end: thus riches for happineſs, and thus learning for ſenſe. The former of theſe is hourly obſervable: and as to the latter, methinks, this age affords frequent and ſurpriſing inſtances.

It is with real concern, that I obſerve many perſons of true poetical genius endeavouring to quench their native fire, that they may exhibit learning without a ſingle ſpark of it. Nor is it uncommon to ſee an author tranſlate a book, when with half the pains he could write a better; but the tranſlation ſavours more of learning; and gives room for notes, which exhibit more.

Learning, like money, may be of ſo baſe a coin, as to be utterly void of uſe; or, if ſterling, may require good management, to make it ſerve the purpoſes of ſenſe or happineſs.

When a nobleman has once conferred any great favour on his inferior, he ought thenceforth to conſider, that his requeſts, his advice, and even his intimations, become commands; and to propoſe matters with the utmoſt tenderneſs. The perſon whom he obliges has otherwiſe loſt his freedom.

Hâc ego ſi compellar imagine, cuncta reſigno: Nec ſomnum plebis laudo ſatur altilium; nec Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.

The amiable and the ſevere Mr. Burke's ſublime and beautiful, by different proportions, are mixed in every character. Accordingly, as either is predominant, men imprint the paſſions of love or fear. The beſt punch depends on a proper mixture of ſugar and lemon.

ESSAY XXX.

ON MEN AND MANNERS.

THERE are many perſons acquire to themſelves a character of inſincerity, from what is in truth mere inconſtancy. And there are perſons of warm, but changeable paſſions, perhaps the ſincereſt of any in the very inſtant they make profeſſion, but the very leaſt to be depended on through the ſhort duration of all extremes. It has often puzzled me, on this account, to aſcertain the character of Lady Luxborough*; yet whatever were her principles, I eſteem Lord Bolingbroke's to have been the ſame. She ſeemed, in all reſpects, the female Lord Bolingbroke.

The principal, if not the only, difference betwixt honeſty and honour, ſeems to lie in their different motives: the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

It is the greateſt comfort to the poor whoſe ignorance often inclines them to an ill-grounded envy, that the rich muſt die as well as themſelves.

The common people call wit mirth; and fancy, folly; fanciful and folliful, they uſe indiſcriminately. It ſeems to flow from hence, that they conſider money as of more importance than the perſons who poſſeſs it; and that no conduct is wiſe, beſide what has a tendency to enrich us.

One ſhould not deſtroy an inſect, one ſhould not quarrel with a dog, without a reaſon ſufficient to vindicate one through all the courts of morality.

The trouble occaſioned by want of a ſervant, is ſo much leſs than the plague of a bad one, as it is leſs painful to clean a pair of ſhoes than undergo an exceſs of anger.

The fund of ſenſible diſcourſe is limited; that of jeſt and badinerie is infinite. In many companies, then, where nothing is to be learnt, it were, perhaps, better to get upon the familiar footing: to give and take in the way of raillery.

When a wife or miſtreſs lives as in a

* Siſter to Lord Bolingbroke. With her the author had enjoyed a literary correſpondence.

jail, the perſon that confines her lives the life of a jailor.

There ſeems ſome analogy betwixt a perſon's manner in every action of his life.

Lady Luxborough's hand-writing was at the ſame time delicate and maſculine. Her features, her air, her underſtanding, her motions, and her ſentiments, were the ſame. Mr. W—, in the ſame reſpects, delicate, but not maſculine. Mr. G—, rather more delicate than maſculine. Mr. J—, rather more maſculine than delicate. And this, in regard to the three laſt, extends to their drawing, verſification, &c. &c. &c.

Riches deſerve the attention of young perſons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwiſe.

To conſume one's time and fortune at once, without pleaſure, recompence, or figure, is like pouring forth one's ſpirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

Parents are generally partial to great vivacity in their children, and are apt to be more or leſs fond of them in proportion to it. Perhaps, there cannot be a ſymptom leſs expreſſive of future judgment and ſolidity. It ſeems thoroughly to preclude not only depth of penetration, but alſo delicacy of ſentiment. Neither does it ſeem any way conſiſtent with a ſenſibility of pleaſure, notwithſtanding all external appearances. It is a mere greyhound puppy in a warren, that runs at all truths, and at all ſorts of pleaſure; but does not allow itſelf time to be ſucceſsful in ſecuring any. It is a buſy bee whoſe whole time paſſes away in mere flight from flower to flower; without reflecting upon any a ſufficient time to gather honey.

The queen of Sweden declared, She did not love men as men; but merely becauſe they were not women. What a ſpirited piece of ſatire!

In mixed converſation, or amongſt perſons of no great knowledge, one indulges one's ſelf in diſcourſe that is neither ingenious nor ſignificant, Vapid frivolous chit-chat ſerves to paſs away the time. But corked up again in retirement, we recover our wonted ſtrength, ſpirit and flavour.

The making preſents to a lady one addreſſes, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a reſolution to recover it.

He that lies a-bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Spleen is often little elſe than obſtructed perſpiration.

The regard men externally profeſs for their ſuperiors, is oftentimes rewarded—in the manner it deſerves.

Methinks, all men ſhould meet with a reſpect due to as high a character as they can act becomingly.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of a ruby.

Mankind ſuffers more by the conflict of contrary paſſions, than that of paſſion and reaſon: yet, perhaps, the trueſt way to quench one paſſion is to kindle up another.

Prudent men ſhould lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

The country eſquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horſes; that is, of an animal that may convey him with eaſe, credit, and ſafety, the little journeys he has to go. The philoſopher directs his ambition to ſome well-grounded ſcience, which may, with the ſame credit, eaſe, and ſafety, tranſport him through every ſtage of being; ſo that he may not be overthrown by paſſion, nor trailed inſipidly along by apathy.

Tom Tweedle played a good fiddle; but, nothing ſatisfied with the inconſiderable appellation of a fiddler, dropped the practice, and is now no character.

The beſt time to frame an anſwer to the letters of a friend, is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendſhip, and the intelligence received, moſt forcibly co-operate.

The philoſophers and ancient ſages, who declaimed againſt the vanity of all external advantages, ſeem in an equal degree to have countenanced and autorized the mental ones, or they would condemn their own example.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cauſe of vanity than ſuperiority of judgment; as the perſon that wears an ornamental ſword is ever more vain than he that wears an uſeful one.

The perſon who has a ſuperiority in wit, is enabled by the means of it to ſee his ſuperiority: hence a deference expected,

pected, and offence taken upon the failure. Add to this, that wit, considered as fancy, renders all the paſſions more ſenſible; the love of fame more remarkably ſo; and you have ſome ſort of reaſon for the revenge taken by wits upon thoſe who neglect them.

In the quarrels of our friends, it is incumbent on us to take a part—in the quarrels of mere acquaintance, it is needleſs, and perhaps impertinent.

When I have purchaſed aught by way of mere amuſement, your reflection upon the coſt not only intimates the bargain I have made to be a bad one, but tends to make it ſo.

'Had I the money thoſe paintings 'coſt,' ſays Torpor, 'methinks I would 'have diſcovered ſome better method of 'diſpoſing of it.'—'And in what would 'you have expended it?'—'I would buy 'ſome fine horſes.'—'But you have al-'ready what anſwers your purpoſe!'—'Yes, but I have a particular fancy for 'a fine horſe.'—'And have not I, who 'bought theſe pictures, the ſame argu-'ment on my ſide?' The truth is, he who extols his own amuſement, and condemns another perſon's, unleſs he does it as they bear relation to virtue or vice, will at all times find himſelf at a loſs for an argument.

People of real genius have ſtrong paſſions; people of ſtrong paſſions have great partialities: ſuch as Mr. Pope for Lord Bolingbroke, &c. Perſons of ſlow parts have languid paſſions, and perſons of languid paſſions have little partiality. They neither love, nor hate, nor look, nor move, with the energy of a man of ſenſe. The faults of the former ſhould be balanced with their excellencies; and the blameleſſneſs of the latter ſhould be weighed with their inſignificancy. Happineſs and virtue are, perhaps, generally diſpenſed with more equality than we are aware.

Extreme volatile and ſprightly tempers ſeem inconſiſtent with any great enjoyment. There is too much time waſted in the mere tranſition from one object to another. No room for thoſe deep impreſſions, which are made alone by the duration of an idea; and are quite requiſite to any ſtrong ſenſation, either of pleaſure or of pain. The bee to collect honey, or the ſpider to gather poiſon, muſt abide ſome time upon the weed or flower. They whoſe fluids are mere ſal volatile, ſeem rather chearful than happy men. The temper above deſcribed is oftener the lot of wits than of perſons of great abilities.

There are no perſons more ſolicitous about the preſervation of rank, than thoſe who have no rank all. Obſerve the humours of a country chriſtening; and you will find no court in Chriſtendom ſo ceremonious as the quality of Brentford.

Critics will ſometimes prefer the faulty ſtate of a compoſition to the improved one, through mere perverſeneſs: in like manner, ſome will extol a perſon's paſt conduct, to depreciate his preſent. Theſe are ſome of the numerous ſhifts and machinations of envy.

Trees afford us the advantage of ſhade in ſummer, as well as fuel in winter; as the ſame virtue allays the fervour of intemperate paſſions in our youth, and ſerves to comfort and keep us warm amid the rigours of old age.

The term Indeciſion, in a man's character, implies an idea very nicely different from that of Irreſolution; yet it has a tendency to produce it; and, like that, has often it's original in exceſſive delicacy and refinement.

Perſons of proud, yet abject ſpirits, will deſpiſe you for thoſe diſtreſſes for which the generous mind will pity, and endeavour to befriend you—A hint to whom only you ſhould diſcloſe, and from whom you ſhould conceal them. Yet, perhaps, in general, it may be prudent to conceal them from perſons of an oppoſite party.

The ſacrificing of our anger to our intereſt is oftentimes no more than the exchange of a painful paſſion for a pleaſurable.

There are not five in five hundred that pity, but, at the ſame time, alſo deſpiſe—A reaſon that you ſhould be cautious to whom and where you complain. The fartheſt a prudent man ſhould proceed in general, is to laugh at ſome of his own foibles: when this may be a means of removing envy from the more important parts of his character.

Effeminacy of appearance, and an exceſſive attention to the minuter parts of dreſs, is, I believe, properly, in the general run, eſteemed a ſymptom of irreſolution. But, yet, inſtances are ſeen to abound in the French nation to the contrary. And in our own, that of Lord Mark Kerr was an inſtance equal to a thouſand. A ſnuff-box hinge rendered inviſible,

inviſible, was an object on which his happineſs appeared to turn; which however, might be clouded by a ſpeck of dirt, or wounded by a hole in the heel of his ſtocking. Yet this man's intrepidity was ſhewn beyond all contradiction. What ſhall we ſay then of Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet poſſeſſed of a poetical vein fraught with the nobleſt and ſublimeſt images, and of a mind remarkably well ſtored with the more maſculine parts of learning?—Here, perhaps, we muſt remain in ſuſpence. For though taſte does not imply manners, ſo neither does it preclude them: or what hinders, that a man ſhould feel that ſame delicacy in regard to real honour, which he does in regard to dreſs?

If beneficence be not in a perſon's will, what imports it to mankind, that it is ever ſo much in his power? And yet we ſee how much more regard is generally paid to a worthleſs man of fortune, than to the moſt benevolent beggar that ever uttered an effectual bleſſing. It is all agreeable to Mr. Burke's theſis, that the formidable idea of power affects more deeply than the moſt beautiful image we can conceive of moral virtue.

A perſon that is not merely ſtupid, is naturally under the influence of the acute paſſions, or the ſlow. The principle of revenge is meant for the ſecurity of the individual; and ſuppoſing a perſon has not courage to put it immediately into practice, he commonly ſtrives to make himſelf remarkable for the perſeverance of his reſentment. Both theſe have the ſame motive, to impreſs a dread upon our enemies of injuring us for the future: and though the world be more inclined to favour the raſh than the phlegmatic enemy, it is hard to ſay which of the two has given riſe to more diſmal conſequences. The reaſon of this partiality may be deduced from the ſame original, as the preference that is given to downright impudence before hypocriſy. To be cheated into an ill placed eſteem, or to be undermined by concealed malignity, diſcovers a contempt for our underſtanding, and leſſens the idea we entertain of it ourſelves. They hurt our pride more than open violence, or undiſguiſed impudence.

King James the Firſt, willing to involve the regal power in myſtery, that, like natural objects, it might appear greater through the fog, declared it preſumption for a ſubject to ſay, 'what a 'king might do in the fullneſs of his 'power.' This was abſurd; but it ſeems preſumption in a man of the world, to ſay what means a man of genius may think inſtrumental to his happineſs. W—— uſed to ſay, it was preſumption for him to make conjectures on the occaſion. A perſon of refinement ſeems to have his pleaſure diſtinct from the common run of men: what the world calls important, is to him wholly frivolous; and what the world eſteems frivolous, ſeems eſſential to his tranquillity.

The apparatus of a funeral among the middle rank of people, and ſometimes among the great, has one effect that is not frivolous. It in ſome meaſure diſſipates and draws off the attention from the main object of concern. Weaker minds find a ſort of relief in being compelled to give directions about the manner of interment: and the grave ſolemnity of the hearſe, plumes, and eſcutcheons, though they add to the force of terror, diminiſh that of ſimple grief.

There are ſome people whom you cannot regard though they ſeem deſirous to oblige you; nay, even though they do you actual ſervices. This is the caſe wherever their ſentiments are too widely different from your own. Thus a perſon truly avaricious can never make himſelf truly agreeable to one enamoured with the arts and ſciences. A perſon of exquiſite ſenſibility and tenderneſs can never be truly pleaſed with another of no feelings; who can ſee the moſt intimate of his friends or kindred expire without any greater pain than if he beheld a pitcher broken. Theſe, properly ſpeaking, can be ſaid to feel nothing but the point of a ſword; and one could more eaſily pardon them, if this apathy were the effect of philoſophy, and not want of thought. But what I would inculcate is, with tempers thus different one ſhould never attempt any cloſe connection:

Lupis & agnis quanta ſortito obtigit,
Tecum mihi diſcordia eſt.

Yet it may be a point of prudence to ſhew them civility, and allow a toleration to their various propenſities. To converſe much with them would not only be painful, but tend to injure your own diſpoſition; and to aim at obtaining their applauſe,

applauſe, would only make your character inconſiſtent.

There are ſome people who find a gloomy kind of pleaſure in glouting, which could hardly be encreaſed by the ſatisfaction of having their wiſhes granted. This is, ſeemingly, a bad character, and yet often connected with a ſenſe of honour, of conſcious merit, with warm gratitude, great ſincerity, and many other valuable qualities.

There is a degree of underſtanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but abſolutely pleaſed. One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyſs.

The worſt conſequence of gratifying our paſſions, in regard to objects of an indifferent nature, is, that it cauſes them to proceed with greater violence towards other and other objects; and ſo *ad infinitum*. I wiſh, for my pocket, an elegant etui; and gold to remove the pain of wiſhing, and partake the pleaſure of enjoyment. I would part with the purchaſe money, for which I have leſs regard; but the gratification of this wiſh would generate fifty others, that would be ruinous. See Epictetus; who, therefore, adviſes to reſiſt the firſt.

Virtue and agreeableneſe are, I fear, too often ſeparated; that is, externals affect and captivate the fancy, where internal worth is wanting to engage and attach one's reaſon—A moſt perplexing circumſtance; and no where more remarkable, than when we ſee a wiſe man totally enſlaved by the beauty of a perſon he deſpiſes.

I know not whether encreaſing years do not cauſe one to eſteem fewer people, and to bear with more.

Quere, Whether friendſhip for the ſex do not tend to leſſen the ſenſual appetite; and *vice verſâ*.

I think, I never knew an inſtance of great quickneſs of parts being joined with great ſolidity. The moſt rapid rivers are ſeldom or never deep.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition and a bad taſte.

There are perſons who ſlide inſenſibly into an habit of contradiction. Their firſt endeavour, upon hearing aught aſſerted, is to diſcover wherein it may be plauſibly diſputed. This, they imagine, gives an air of great ſagacity; and if they can mingle a jeſt with contradiction, think they diſplay great ſuperiority. One ſhould be cautious againſt the advances of this kind of propenſity, which loſes us friends, in a matter generally of no conſequence.

The ſolicitude of peers to preſerve, or to exalt their rank, is eſteemed no other than a manly and becoming ambition. The care of commoners, on the ſame ſubject, is deemed either vanity, formality, or pride.

An income for life only ſeems the beſt calculated for the circumſtances and ſituation of mortal man: the farther property in an eſtate encreaſes the difficulty of diſengaging our affections from this world, and of thinking in the manner we ought to think of a ſyſtem from which we muſt be entirely ſeparated.

'I truſt that ſinking fund, my life.'

POPE.

Surprize quickens enjoyment, and expectation baniſhes ſurprize; this is the ſimple reaſon, why few pleaſures, that have engroſſed our attention previouſly, ever anſwer our ideas of them. Add to this, that imagination is a great magnifier, and cauſes the hopes we conceive to grow too large for their object. Thus expectation does not only deſtroy the advantage of ſurprize, and ſo flattens pleaſure; but makes us hope for an imaginary addition, which gives the pain of diſappointment.

ESSAY XXXI.

ON RELIGION.

PERHAPS, we ſhould not pray to God 'to keep us ſtedfaſt in any 'faith;' but conditionally, that it be a right one.

When a tree is falling, I have ſeen the labourers, by a trivial jerk with a rope, throw it upon the ſpot where they would wiſh it ſhould lie. Divines, underſtanding this text too literally, pretend, by a little interpoſition in the article of death, to regulate a perſon's everlaſting happineſs. I fancy, the alluſion will hardly countenance their preſumption.

When misfortunes happen to ſuch as diſſent from us in matters of religion, we

we call them judgments: when to those of our own sect, we call them trials: when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

In regard to church-music, if a man cannot be said to be merry or good-humoured when he is tickled till he laughs, why should he be esteemed devout or pious when he is tweedled into zeal by the drone-pipe of an organ? In answer to this it may be said, that if such an elevation of the spirits be not meritorious, be not devotion, yet it is attended with good consequences; as it leaves a good impression upon the mind, favourable to virtue and a religious life.

The rich man, adjoining to his country-seat, erects a chapel, as he pretends, to God Almighty, but, in truth, to his own vain-glory; furnishes it with luxurious conveniences, for prayers that will be never said. The poor man kneels by his bed-side, and goes to heaven before him.

I should think a clergyman might distinguish himself by composing a set of sermons upon the ordinary virtues extolled in classic writers, introducing the ornamental flourishes of Horace, Juvenal, &c.

1. Against family-pride, might be taken from Juvenal's *Stemmata quid faciunt*. Horace's *Non quia Mæcenas*, and Marius's speech in Sallust. The text—'Is not this Joseph the carpenter's son?'

2. A sermon upon the advantages of competency, contentment, and rural life, might be abundantly embellished from the classics, and would be both grateful and serviceable to the common people: as the chief passion from which they suffer is envy, I believe, misplaced.

3. Another might be calculated for each season of the year; illustrating the wisdom, the power, and the benevolence of Providence. How idle to forego such fair and peaceable subjects, for the sake of widening the breach betwixt grace and works, predestination and election; solving the Revelations; or ascertaining the precise nature of Urim and Thummim!

It is a common argument amongst divines, in the behalf of a religious life, that a contrary behaviour has such consequences when we come to die. It is indeed true, but seems an argument of a subordinate kind: the article of death is more frequently of short duration. Is it not a stronger persuasive, that virtue makes us happy daily, and removes the fear of death from our lives antecedently, than that it smoothes the pillow of a death-bed?

It is a question whether the remaining superstitions among the vulgar of the English nation ought wholly to be removed: the notion of a ghost's appearance for the discovery of murder, or any flagrant act of injustice; that 'what 'is got over the devil's back will be 'spent under his belly—that 'cards 'are the devil's books,' &c.

If there be numbers of people that murder and devour their species; that have contradictory notions of beauty; that have deemed it meritorious to offer up human sacrifices; to leave their parents in deserts of wild beasts; to expose their offspring as soon as born, &c. &c. there should seem to be no universal moral sense; and of consequence, none.

It is not now, 'We have seen his 'star in the east;' but, 'We have seen 'the star on his breast, and are come to 'worship him.'

It is said, and I believe justly enough, that crimes appear less heinous to a person that is about committing them, than to his conscience afterwards. Is then the crime to be imputed to him in the degree he foresaw it, or in that he reflects upon it? Perhaps the one and the other may incline towards an extreme.

The word 'Religio,' amongst the Romans, and the word 'Church,' among the Christians, seem to have more interpretations than almost any other. '*Malus procidit eâ religione moti.*' Livy, p. 1150. Vol. II. Here religion seems to mean prodigy—'*Si quis tale sacrum* '*solenne duceret, nec se sine religione &* '*piaculo id omittere posse.*' Livy, 1157. Here it seemingly means impiety: *Piaculum* being such an offence as required expiatory sacrifices.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

Here it means superstition, as it does often in Lucretius.

The pope's wanton excommunications, his capricious pardon of sins, his enormous indulgences, and other particulars of like nature, shew that (whatever religions may practise cruelty) it is peculiarly the church that makes a jest of God Almighty.

The

The word Church has theſe different ſenſes:

1. A ſet of people ordained to aſſiſt at divine ſervice.

2. The members of a certain religious profeſſion, including clergy and laity.

3. A large piece of building, dedicated to the ſervice of God, and furniſhed with proper conveniences for thoſe who meet to worſhip him.

4. A body of people, who too frequently harraſs and infeſt the laity according to law, and who conceal their real names under that of a ſpiritual court.

How ready have all nations been, after having allowed a proper portion of laud and praiſe to their own abilities, to attribute their ſucceſs in war to the peculiar favour of a juſt Providence! Perhaps this conſtruction, as it is often applied, argues more of preſumption than gratitude. In the firſt place, ſuch is the partiality of the human heart, that, perhaps, two hoſtile nations may alike rely upon the juſtice of their cauſe; and which of the two has the better claim to it, none but Providence can itſelf diſcover. In the next, it ſhould be obſerved, that ſucceſs by no means demonſtrates juſtice. Again, we muſt not wholly forget to conſider, that ſucceſs may be no more than a means of deſtruction. And laſtly, ſuppoſing ſucceſs to be really and abſolutely good, do we find that individuals are always favoured with it in proportion to their deſert; and if not individuals, why muſt we then ſuppoſe it to be the uniform recompence of ſociety?

It is often given as a reaſon why it is incumbent on God Almighty's juſtice to puniſh or reward ſocieties in this world, becauſe hereafter they cannot be puniſhed or rewarded on account of their diſſolution. It is indeed, true, that human vengeance muſt act frequently in the groſs; and whenever a government declares war againſt a foreign ſociety, or finds it needful to chaſtiſe any part of it's own, muſt of neceſſity involve ſome innocent individuals with the guilty. But it does not appear ſo evident, that an omniſcient and omnipotent Being, who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and is able to make a diſtinction in his puniſhments, will judge his unhappy creatures by theſe indiſcriminate and imperfect laws.

Societies then are to be conſidered as the caſual or arbitrary aſſortments of human inſtitution. To ſuppoſe that God Almighty will, by means of puniſhments, often called judgments, deſtroy them promiſcuouſly, is to ſuppoſe that he will regulate his government according to the cabals of human wiſdom. I mean to be underſtood here, with regard to what are called judgments, or, in other words, præternatural interpoſitions of Providence. In a natural way, the conſtitution of the univerſe requires, that the good muſt often ſuffer with the bad part of ſociety. But in regard to judgments upon whole bodies, (which we have days appointed to deprecate) let us introduce a caſe which may ſerve to illuſtrate the improbality.

Societies, I ſuppoſe then, are not divine, but human bundles.

Imagine a man to mix a large quantity of ſand and gunpowder; then parcel out the compoſition into different heaps, and apply fire to them ſeparately. The fire, it is very obvious, would take no notice of the bundles; would by no means conſume, here and there, a bundle in the groſs, but would affect that part of every portion that was combuſtible.

It may ſpecioufly enough be ſaid, what greater injuſtice is it to puniſh a ſociety promiſcuouſly, than to involve an innocent ſon in the puniſhment due to a ſinful father? To this I anſwer, the natural ſyſtem (which we need not doubt, upon the whole, is right) occaſions both the good and bad to ſuffer many times indiſcriminately. But they go much farther. They ſay God, as it were, interferes, in oppoſition to the ſettled courſe of things, to puniſh and include ſocieties in one promiſcuous vengeance. Were he to inflict extraordinary puniſhments diſtinct from thoſe which ſin entails upon us, he ſurely would not regulate them by mere human aſſortments, but would make the juſter diſtinction of good and evil individuals.

Neither do I ſee, why it is ſo neceſſary, that ſocieties, either here or hereafter, ſhould be puniſhed as ſocieties. 'The ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall 'die.'

How happy may a lord biſhop render a peaſant at the hour of death, by beſtowing on him his bleſſing, and giving him aſſurance of ſalvation? It is the ſame with regard to religious opinions in general. They may be confirmed and eſtabliſhed to their hearts content, becauſe they aſſent implicitly to the opinions of men who, they think, ſhould know. A perſon of diſtinguiſhed parts and learning has no ſuch advantages; friendleſs, wavering, ſolitary, and, through his very ſituation, incapable of much aſſiſtance: if the ruſtic's tenor of behaviour approach nearer to the brutes, he alſo appears to approach nearer to their happineſs.

You pray for happineſs—Conſider the ſituation or diſpoſition of your mind at the time, and you will find it naturally tends to produce it.

In travelling, one contrives to allow day-light for the worſt part of the road. But in life, how hard is it that every unhappineſs ſeems united towards the cloſe of our journey! Pain, fatigue, and want of ſpirits; when ſpirits are more immediately neceſſary to our ſupport; of which nothing can ſupply the place beſide religion and philoſophy! But then the foundation muſt be laid in meditation and enquiry, at an unmoleſted ſeaſon, when our faculties are ſtrong and vigorous; for the tempeſt will moſt probably throw down the ſuperſtructure.

How is a man ſaid to be guilty of incredulity? Are there not ſizes of underſtandings adapted to the different ſorts, and as it were ſizes of narrations?

Conſcience is adſcititious; I mean influenced by conviction, which may be well or ill grounded; therefore no certain teſt of truth: but at moſt times a very faithful and a very prudent admoniter.

The attraction of bodies and ſocial affection of minds ſeem in many reſpects analogous.

Attractions of either kind are leſs perſpicuous, and leſs perceptible, thro' a variety of counter-attractions that diminiſh their effect. Were two perſons to meet in Iſpahan, though quite ſtrangers to each other here, would they not go near to feel a kind of friendſhip, on the ſingle ſcore of their being Engliſhmen? Would they not paſs a cheerful evening together over rice and ſherbet? In like manner, ſuppoſe two or three cotemporaries only meet on the ſurface of the globe, amid myriads of perſons of all other ages whatſoever, would they not diſcover a mutual tenderneſs, even though they had been enemies when living? What then remains, but that we revive the memory of ſuch relations now, in order to quicken our benevolence? That we are all countrymen, is a conſideration that is more commonly inculcated, and limits our benevolence to a ſmaller number alſo. That we are cotemporaries, and perſons whom future hiſtory ſhall unite; who, great part of us, however imperceptibly, receive and confer reciprocal benefits; this, with every other circumſtance that tends to heighten our philanthropy, ſhould be brought to mind as much as poſſible, during our abode upon earth. Hereafter it may be juſt, and requiſite, to comprehend all ages of mankind.

The beſt notion we can conceive of God, may be, that he is to the creation what the ſoul is to the body:

—*Deus eſt quodcunque vides, ubicunque moveris.*

What is man, while we reflect upon a Deity, whoſe very words are works; and all whoſe works are wonders!

Prayer is not uſed to inform, for God is omniſcient: not to move compaſſion, for God is without paſſions: not to ſhew our gratitude, for God knows our hearts. May not a man, that has true notions, be a pious man, though he be ſilent?

'To honour God, is to conceive 'right notions of him,' ſays ſome antient that I have forgot.

I know not how Mr. Pope's aſſertion is conſiſtent with the ſcheme of a particular Providence.

———The Almighty cauſe
Acts not by partial, but by general laws.

What one underſtands by a general Providence, is that attention of the Almighty to the works of his creation, by which they purſue their original courſe, without deviating into ſuch eccentric motions as muſt immediately tend to the deſtruction of it. Thus a philoſopher is enabled to foretel eclipſes with preciſion;

ſion; and a ſtone thrown upward drops uniformly to the ground. Thus an injury awakes reſentment; and a good office endears to us our benefactor. And it ſeems no unworthy idea of Omnipotence, perhaps, to ſuppoſe he at firſt conſtituted a ſyſtem, that ſtood in no need either of his counteracting or ſuſpending the firſt laws of motion.

But, after all, the mind remains; and can we ſhew it to be either impoſſible, or improbable, that God directs the will? Now whether the divine Being occaſions a ruin to fall miraculouſly, or in direct oppoſition to the ordinary laws of nature, upon the head of Chartres; or whether he inclines Chartres to go near a wall whoſe centre of gravity is unſupported, make no material difference.

ESSAY XXXII.

ON TASTE.

I Believe that, generally ſpeaking, perſons eminent in one branch of taſte, have the principles of the reſt; and to try this, I have often ſolicited a ſtranger to hum a tune, and have ſeldom failed of ſucceſs. This, however, does not extend to talents beyond the ſphere of taſte; and Handel was evidently wrong, when he fancied himſelf born to command a troop of horſe.

Mankind, in general, may be divided into perſons of underſtanding and perſons of genius; each of which will admit of many ſubordinate degrees. By perſons of underſtanding, I mean perſons of ſound judgment; formed for mathematical deductions and clear argumentations. By perſons of genius, I would characterize thoſe in whom true and genuine fancy predominates; and this whether aſſiſted or not by cultivation.

I have thought that genius and judgment may, in ſome reſpects be repreſented by a liquid and a ſolid. The former is, generally ſpeaking, remarkable for it's ſenſibility, but then loſes it's impreſſion ſoon: the latter is leſs ſuſceptible of impreſſion, but retains it longer.

Dividing the world into an hundred parts, I am apt to believe the calculation might be thus adjuſted.

Pedants - - - - -	15
Perſons of common ſenſe -	40
Wits - - - - -	15
Fools - - - - -	15
Perſons of a wild uncultivated taſte	10
Perſons of original taſte, improved by art - - - - -	5

There is hardly any thing ſo uncommon as a true native taſte improved by education.

The object of taſte is corporeal beauty; for though there is manifeſtly a *καλόν*; a *pulchrum*, an *honeſtum*, and *decorum*, in moral actions; and although a man of taſte that is not virtuous commits a greater violence upon his ſentiments than any other perſon; yet, in the ordinary courſe of ſpeaking, a perſon is not termed a man of taſte, merely becauſe he is a man of virtue.

All beauty may be divided into abſolute and relative, and what is compounded of both.

It is not uncommon to hear a modern Quixote inſiſt upon the ſuperiority of his idol or Dulcinea; and, not content to pay his own tribute of adoration, demand that of others in favour of her accompliſhments. Thoſe of grave and ſober ſenſe cannot avoid wondering at a difference of opinions, which are in truth ſupported by no criterion.

Every one, therefore, ought to fix ſome meaſure of beauty, before he grows eloquent upon the ſubject.

Every thing ſeems to derive it's pretenſions to beauty, on account of it's colour, ſmoothneſs, variety, uniformity, partial reſemblance to ſomething elſe, proportion, or ſuitableneſs to the end propoſed, ſome connection of ideas, or a mixture of all theſe.

As to the beauty of colours, their preſent effect ſeems in proportion to their impulſe; and ſcarlet, were it not for habit, would affect an Indian before all other colours.

Reſemblances wrought by art; pictures, buſtos, ſtatues, pleaſe.

Columns, proportioned to their incumbent weight; but herein we ſuppoſe homogeneous materials; it is otherwiſe, in caſe we know that a column is made of iron.

Habit, herein, ſeems to have an influence to which we can affix no bounds. Suppoſe the generality of mankind formed with a mouth from ear to ear, and that it were requiſite in point of reſpiration, would not the preſent make of mouths have ſubjected a man to the name of Bocha chica?

It is probable, that a clown would require more colour in his Chloe's face, than a courtier.

We may ſee daily the ſtrange effects of habit, in reſpect of faſhion. To what colours, or proportions, does it not reconcile us!

Conceit is falſe taſte; and very widely different from no taſte at all.

Beauty of perſon ſhould, perhaps, be eſtimated according to the proportion it bears to ſuch a make and features as are moſt likely to produce the love of the oppoſite ſex. The look of dignity, the look of wiſdom, the look of delicacy and refinement, ſeem in ſome meaſure foreign. Perhaps, the appearance of ſenſibility may be one ingredient; and that of health another. At leaſt, a cadaverous countenance is the moſt diſguſting in the world.

I know not, if one reaſon of the different opinions concerning beauty be not owing to ſelf-love. People are apt to form ſome criterion from their own perſons, or poſſeſſions. A tall perſon approves the look of a folio or octavo: a ſquare thick-ſet man is more delighted with a quarto. This inſtance, at leaſt, may ſerve to explain what I intend.

I believe, it ſometimes happens that a perſon may have what the artiſts call an ear and an eye, without taſte: for inſtance, a man may ſometimes have a quickneſs in diſtinguiſhing the ſimilitude or difference of lines and ſounds, without any ſkill to give the proper preference betwixt the combinations of them.

Taſte produces different effects upon different complexions. It conſiſts, as I have often obſerved, in the appetite and the diſcernment; then moſt properly ſo called, when they are united in equal proportions.

Where the diſcernment is predominant, a perſon is pleaſed with fewer objects, and requires perfection in what he ſees. Where the appetite prevails, he is ſo much attached to beauty, that he feels a gratification in every degree in which it is manifeſted. I frankly own myſelf to be of this latter claſs: I love painting and ſtatuary ſo well, as to be not undelighted with moderate performances.

The reaſon people vary in their opinions of a portrait, I mean with regard to the reſemblance it bears to the original, ſeems no other than that they lay ſtreſs on different features in the original; and this different ſtreſs is owing to different complexions of mind.

People of little or no taſte commend a perſon for it's corpulency. I cannot ſee why an excreſcence of belly, cheek, or chin, ſhould be deemed more beautiful than a wen on any other part of the body. Through a connection of ideas, it may form the beauty of a pig or an ox.

There ſeems a pretty exact analogy between the objects and the ſenſes. Some tunes, ſome taſtes, ſome viſible objects, pleaſe at firſt, and that only; others only by degrees, and then long—(Raſpberry-jelly — Green-tea — Alley-Croaker — Air in Ariadne—a Baron's Robe—and a Biſhop's Lawn.) Perhaps, ſome of theſe inſtances may be ill enough choſen; but the thing is true.

Tunes with words, pleaſe me the more in proportion as they approach nearer to the natural accent of the words to which they are aſſigned. Scotch tunes often end high; their language does the ſame.

To how very great a degree the appearance of health alone is beauty, I am not able to determine. I preſume, the moſt regular and well-proportioned form of limbs and features, is at the ſame time the moſt healthful one; the fitteſt to perform the functions and operations of the body. If ſo, a perfectly healthful form is a perfectly beautiful form—Health is beauty, and the moſt perfect health is the moſt perfect beauty. To have recourſe to experience: the moſt ſickly and cadaverous countenance is the leaſt provocative to love; or rather the moſt inconſiſtent with it. A florid look, to ap-

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pear beautiful, muſt be the bloom of health, and not the glow of a fever.

An obvious connection may be traced betwixt moral and phyſical beauty; the love of ſymmetry and the love of virtue; an elegant taſte and perfect honeſty. We may, we muſt, riſe from the love of natural to that of moral beauty: ſuch is the concluſion of Plato, and of my Lord Shafteſbury.

Wherever there is a want of taſte, we generally obſerve a love of money, and cunning; and whenever taſte prevails, a want of prudence, and an utter diſregard to money.

Taſte (or a juſt reliſh of beauty) ſeems to diſtinguiſh us from the brute creation, as much as intellect, or reaſon. We do not find that brutes have any ſenſation of this ſort. A bull is goaded by the love of ſex in general, without the leaſt appearance of any diſtinction in favour of the more beautiful individual. Accordingly, men devoid of taſte are in a great meaſure indifferent as to make, complexion, feature; and find a difference of ſex ſufficient to excite their paſſion in all it's fervour. It is not thus where there is a taſte for beauty, either accurate or erroneous. The perſon of a good taſte requires real beauty in the object of his paſſion; and the perſon of bad taſte requires ſomething which he ſubſtitutes in the place of beauty.

Perſons of taſte, it has been aſſerted, are alſo the beſt qualified to diſtinguiſh, and the moſt prone to admire moral virtue: nor does it invalidate this maxim, that their practice does not correſpond. The power of acting virtuouſly depends in a great meaſure upon withſtanding a preſent, and perhaps ſenſual, gratification, for the ſake of a more diſtant and intellectual ſatisfaction. Now, as perſons of fine taſte are men of the ſtrongeſt ſenſual appetites, it happens that in balancing preſent and future, they are apt enough to allow an unreaſonable advantage to the former. On the other hand, a more phlegmatic character may, with no greater ſelf-denial, allow the future fairer play. But let us wave the merely ſenſual indulgences; and let us conſider the man of taſte in regard to points of meum and tuum; in regard to the virtues of forgiveneſs; in regard to charity, compaſſion, munificence, and magnanimity; and we cannot fail to vote his taſte the glorious triumph which it deſerves.

There is a kind of counter-taſte, founded on ſurprize and curioſity, which maintains a ſort of rivalſhip with the true; and may be expreſſed by the name Concetto. Such is the fondneſs of ſome perſons for a knife-haft made from the royal oak, or a tobacco-ſtopper from a mulberry-tree of Shakeſpeare's own planting. It gratifies an empty curioſity. Such is the caſual reſemblance of Apollo and the nine Muſes in a piece of agate; a dog expreſſed in feathers, or a wood-cock in mohair. They ſerve to give ſurprize. But a juſt fancy will no more eſteem a picture becauſe it proves to be produced by ſhells, than a writer would prefer a pen becauſe a perſon made it with his toes. In all ſuch caſes, difficulty ſhould not be allowed to give a caſting weight; nor a needle be conſidered as a painter's inſtrument, when he is ſo much better furniſhed with a pencil*.

Perhaps no print, or even painting, is capable of producing a figure anſwerable to the idea which poetry or hiſtory has given us of great men: a Cicero, for inſtance, an Homer, a Cato, or an Alexander. The ſame, perhaps, is true of the grandeur of ſome antient buildings—And the reaſon is, that the effects of a pencil are diſtinct and limited, whereas the deſcriptions of the pen leave the imagination room to expatiate; and Burke has made it extremely obvious, that indiſtinctneſs of out-line is one ſource of the ſublime.

What an abſurdity is it, in the framing even prints, to ſuffer a margin of white paper to appear beyond the ground; deſtroying half the relievo the lights are intended to produce! Frames ought to contraſt with paintings; or to appear as diſtinct as poſſible: for which reaſon, frames of wood inlaid, or otherwiſe va-

* Cornelius Ketel, born at Gonda in 1548; landed in England 1573; ſettled at Amſterdam 1581; took it into his head to grow famous by painting with his fingers inſtead of pencils. The whim took—His ſucceſs increaſed—His fingers appearing too eaſy tools, he then undertook to paint with his feet. See H. Walpole's Book of Painters.

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riegated with colours, are leſs ſuitable than gilt ones, which, exhibiting an appearance of metal, afford the beſt contraſt with colour.

The peculiar expreſſion in ſome portraits is owing to the greater or leſs manifeſtation of the ſoul in ſome of the features.

There is, perhaps, a ſublime, and a beautiful, in the very make of a face, excluſive of any particular expreſſion of the ſoul; or, at leaſt, not expreſſive of any other than a tame diſpaſſionate one. We ſee often what the world calls regular features, and a good complexion, almoſt totally unanimated by any diſcovery of the temper or underſtanding. Whenever the regularity of feature, beauty of complexion, the ſtrong expreſſion of ſagacity and generoſity, concur in one face, the features are irreſiſtible.

But even here it is to be obſerved, that a ſort of ſympathy has a prodigious biaſs. Thus a penſive beauty, with regular features and complexion, will have the preference with a ſpectator of the penſive caſt; and ſo of the reſt.

The ſoul appears to me to diſcover herſelf moſt in the mouth and eyes; with this difference, that the mouth ſeems the more expreſſive of the temper, and the eye of the underſtanding.

Is a portrait, ſuppoſing it as like as can be to the perſon for whom it is drawn, a more or leſs beautiful object than the original face? I ſhould think, a perfect face muſt be much more pleaſing than any repreſentation of it; and a ſet of ugly features, much more ugly than the moſt exact reſemblance that can be drawn of them. Painting can do much by means of ſhades; but not equal the force of real relievo: on which account, it may be the advantage of bad features to have their effect diminiſhed; but, ſurely, never can be the intereſt of good ones.

Softneſs of manner ſeems to be in painting what ſmoothneſs of ſyllables is in language, affecting the ſenſe of ſight or hearing, previous to any correſpondent paſſion.

The 'theory of agreeable ſenſations' founds them upon the greateſt activity or exerciſe an object occaſions to the ſenſes, without proceeding to fatigue. Violent contraſts are upon the footing of roughneſs or inequality. Harmony or ſimilitude, on the other hand, are ſomewhat congenial to ſmoothneſs. In other words, theſe two recommend themſelves; the one to our love of action, the other to our love of reſt. A medium, therefore, may be moſt agreeable to the generality.

An harmony in colours ſeems as requiſite, as a variety of lines ſeems neceſſary to the pleaſure we expect from outward forms. The lines, indeed, ſhould be well varied; but yet the oppoſite ſides of any thing ſhould ſhew a balance, or an appearance of equal quantity, if we would ſtrive to pleaſe a well-conſtituted taſte.

It is evident enough to me, that perſons often occur, who may be ſaid to have an ear to muſic, and an eye for proportions in viſible objects, who nevertheleſs can hardly be ſaid to have a reliſh or taſte for either. I mean, that a perſon may diſtinguiſh notes and tones to a nicety, and yet not give a diſcerning choice to what is preferable in muſic. The ſame, in objects of ſight.

On the other hand, they cannot have a proper feeling of beauty or harmony, without a power of diſcriminating thoſe notes and proportions on which harmony and beauty ſo fully depend.

What is ſaid, in a treatiſe lately publiſhed, for beauty's being more common than deformity, (and ſeemingly with excellent reaſon) may be alſo ſaid for virtue's being more common than vice.

Quere, Whether beauty does not as much require an oppoſition of lines, as it does an harmony of colours?

The paſſion for antiquity, as ſuch, ſeems in ſome meaſure oppoſite to the taſte for beauty or perfection. It is rather the foible of a lazy and puſillanimous diſpoſition, looking back and reſting with pleaſure on the ſteps by which we have arrived thus far; than the bold and enterpriſing ſpirit of a genius, whoſe ambition fires him only to reach the goal. Such as is deſcribed (on another occaſion) in the zealous and active charioteer of Horace:

—Hunc atque hunc ſuperare laboret.
Inſtat equis auriga ſuos vincentibus; illum
Præteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.

Again,

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Nil actum reputans, si quid reſtaret agendum,

is the leaſt applicable, of any character, to a mere antiquarian; who, inſtead of endeavouring to improve or to excel, contents himſelf, perhaps, with diſcovering the very name of a firſt inventor; or with tracing back an art that is flouriſhing, to the very firſt ſource of it's original deformity.

I have heard it claimed by adepts in muſic, that the pleaſure it imparts to a natural ear, which owes little or nothing to cultivation, is by no means to be compared to what they feel themſelves from the moſt perfect compoſition. The ſtate of the queſtion may be beſt explained by a recourſe to objects that are analogous. Is a country-fellow leſs ſtruck with beauty than a philoſopher or an anatomiſt, who knows how that beauty is produced? Surely no. On the other hand, an attention to the cauſe may ſomewhat interfere with the attention to the effect—They may, indeed, feel a pleaſure of another ſort—The faculty of reaſon may obtain ſome kind of balance, for what the more ſenſible faculty of the imagination loſes.

I am much inclined to ſuppoſe our ideas of beauty depend greatly upon habit—what I mean is, upon the familiarity with objects which we happen to have ſeen ſince we came into the world. Our taſte for uniformity, from what we have obſerved in the individual parts of nature, a man, a tree, a beaſt, a bird, or inſect, &c.—our taſte for regularity from what is within our power to obſerve in the ſeveral perfections of the whole ſyſtem.

A landſkip, for inſtance, is always irregular; and to uſe regularity in painting, or gardening, would make our work unnatural and diſagreeable. Thus we allow beauty to the different, and almoſt oppoſite, proportions of all animals.

There is, I think, a beauty in ſome forms, independent of any uſe to which they can be applied. I know not whether this may not be reſolved into ſmoothneſs of ſurface; with variety to a certain degree, that is comprehenſible without much difficulty.

As to the dignity of colours, Quere, Whether thoſe that affect the eye moſt forcibly, for inſtance, ſcarlet, may not claim the firſt place; allowing their beauty to cloy ſooneſt: and other colours, the next, according to their impulſe; allowing them to produce a more durable pleaſure?

It may be convenient to divide beauty into the abſolute and the relative. Abſolute is that above-mentioned. Relative is that by which an object pleaſes, through the relation it bears to ſome other.

Our taſte of beauty is, perhaps, compounded of all the ideas that have entered the imagination from our birth. This ſeems to occaſion the different opinions that prevail concerning it. For inſtance, a foreign eye eſteems thoſe features and dreſſes handſome, which we think deformed.

Is it not then likely that thoſe who have ſeen moſt objects, throughout the univerſe, *cæteris paribus*, will be the moſt impartial judges; becauſe they will judge truelt of the general proportion which was intended by the Creator; and is beſt?

The beauty of moſt objects is partly of the abſolute and partly of the relative kind. A Corinthian pillar has ſome beauty dependent on it's variety and ſmoothneſs; which I would call abſolute: it has alſo a relative beauty, dependent on it's taperneſs and ſlender; which, authors ſay, was firſt copied from the leaves of plants, and the ſhape of a tree.

Uniformity ſhould, perhaps, be added as another ſource of abſolute beauty, (when it appears in one ſingle object.) I do not know any other reaſon, but that it renders the whole more eaſily comprehended. It ſeems that Nature herſelf conſiders it as beauty, as the external parts of the human frame are made uniform to pleaſe the ſight; which is rarely the caſe of the internal, that are not ſeen.

Hutchinſon determines abſolute beauty to depend on this, and on variety; and ſays it is in a compound ratio of both. Thus an octagon excels a ſquare; and a ſquare, a figure of unequal ſides; but carry variety to an extreme, and it loſes it's effect. For inſtance, multiply the number of angles till the mind loſes the uniformity of parts, and the figure

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is leſs pleaſing; or, as it approaches nearer to a round, it may be ſaid to be robbed of it's variety.

But, amidſt all theſe eulogiums of variety, it is proper to obſerve, that novelty ſometimes requires a little abatement. I mean, that ſome degree of familiarity introduces a diſcovery of relative beauty, more than adequate to the bloom of novelty. This is, now and then, obvious in the features of a face, the air of ſome tunes, and the flavour of ſome diſhes. In ſhort, it requires ſome familiarity to become acquainted with the relation that parts bear unto the whole, or one object to another.

Variety, in the ſame object, where the beauty does not depend on imitation, (which is the caſe in foilage, buſtos, baſſo-relievos, painting) requires uniformity. For inſtance, an octagon is much more beautiful than a figure of unequal ſides; which is at once various and diſagreeable.

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